



Van Apen del.

• *R. B. Sheridan Esq. M. P.*

THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

The WORLD was all before them
Where to chuse ——— MILTON.

VOL. III.

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE PUBLISHER.

THE POETRY which has adorned the NEWSPAPER of the WORLD has had its admirers in every country. To that medium was it owing that the Verses of DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA were first seen—and it will indeed be happy for posterity should such Poetry be seen again. THE COLLECTIONS in the following

Volumes—have merit that is various. They are on various subjects, and from Authors, perhaps, situated as variously as their Works.

We trust, that while each Man may admire his own best, he will not be sorry to see himself introduced into Company, who, next to himself, may be thought to be most agreeable.

In this Collection—are names whom GENIUS will ever look upon as her best supporters. It has to boast the aid of Mr. SHERIDAN, Mr. MERRY, Mrs. COWLEY, Mr. ANDREWS, Mr. JERNINGHAM, Mr. COLMAN, Mrs. ROBINSON, Capt. BROOME, Capt. TOPHAM, &c. &c. &c. with the addition of names not less respected, though they may not be known.

Such the PUBLISHER has to say are the ornaments of the present Work: which from time to time will
be

*be continued, as materials may be supplied from the
numerous Writers who may occasionally contribute to
the PAPER of the WORLD.*

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warehouse, it was not actually contract to
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THE
POETRY
OF
THE WORLD.

ON THE
INFANT DAUGHTER
OF
LADY HAGGERSTON.

ENDEARING INNOCENCE, thou lovely child!
Attractive promise of each op'ning grace,
Ah! thus, in infancy, *thy mother* smil'd,
And gave assurance of an *angel's face*.

VOL. III.

B

Oh!

Oh! may'st *thou* imitate the steps *SHE* took,
Serenely mild, and innocently gay!
May virtue smile, imprinted on thy look,
And *calm* SIMPLICITY mark out thy way.

To lure the weak, let *thoughtless* FOLLY try,
With ev'ry wish in vanity to shine;
Soon must the meteor in its falshood die,
Whilst REASON triumphs and each virtue's thine.

So shalt THOU *be*, what many falsely seem,
The *beauteous* IMAGE of *angelic* worth:
Secure to charm in rivetted esteem,
Till HEAV'N shall tear thee from *admiring* earth.

SUCH *is my wish*: and when maturer age
Shall gently loose the fetters of thy tongue,
May *that same mother* turn this humble page,
And bid thee read the pleasing truth I sung.

PHILANDER.

THE WORLD,
July 6, 1789.

TO HIS
G R A C E
THE
DUKE OF DORSET.

With the ODE following.

FOR THEE, *my Lord*, whose fair unbiass'd zeal
Still glows, unweary'd, for thy Country's weal;
And, from attachment to thy SOV'REIGN shown,
Gives added strength and lustre to the throne;
Say, can a higher theme the MUSE employ,
Than the bright prospect of a *People's* joy,
Restor'd to all their ardent pray'rs desir'd,
When *human firmness* fail'd, and HOPE expir'd?

To THEE, with ev'ry kindly wish endu'd,
What view more grateful than thy Country's good;
Heav'n's bounteous grace on ev'ry heart imprest,
A MONARCH happy, and an EMPIRE blest!
To see, with lib'ral thought, a rival State,
Watch nobly anxious o'er BRITANNIA's fate;
Partake with gen'rous grief her former care,
And in the gen'ral joy now gladly share.

Nor could this tribute of the *Gallic* MUSE
A fitter patron than a DORSET chuse;
Who joins to manly British worth, the bland
And *milder virtues* of this *polish'd* LAND.
Meets that distinguish'd grace, so rarely known,
Not to his station, but his merit shown;
Whilst FRANCE has ne'er receiv'd with fairer fame,
Or paid more honours than to DORSET's name;
And let this be his first and proudest boast,
They *most* regard him—who have *known him most*.

THE WORLD,
July 10, 1789.

TRANSLATION

OF A

FRENCH ODE,

Written on the

KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

O HAIL! with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
 This happy Morn's auspicious rise,
 That spreads such grateful rapture round,
 And glads a longing Nation's eyes;
 Restores the Prince to ev'ry heart so dear,
 And checks the gen'ral grief, the gen'ral tear.

'Tis not alone the common joy,
 This day's enlivening prospect shows,
 But the pure bliss without alloy,
 More exquisite from former woes;
 Which bids at once, pale Fear and Anguish cease,
 And smiling Nature show her fairest face.

O, Albion! o'er whose favor'd Isle
The sounds of gratulation flow,
On thee may Fate propitious smile,
And ev'ry lasting good bestow;
Nor in those bosoms late with grief oppress'd,
Aught but content, and settled gladness rest.

And thou, O gracious Prince! whose care
Does equal o'er thy realm extend,
And bids it all thy bounty share,
The Husband, Father, and the Friend;
Long may a willing land thy pow'r obey,
And feel the influence of thy Heav'n-born sway.

When fortune, at that trying hour,
On thee her worst afflictions pour'd,
Suppliant to ev'ry guardian pow'r,
An anxious world thy life implor'd;
Whilst pitying Heav'n the gracious mandate gave,
With thine an Empire's happiness to save.

Here then, fulfill'd my heart's desire,
I dare these artless strains employ,
And touch with trembling hand the lyre,
To mingle in a Nation's joy;
Nor will a great and lib'ral land refuse
These humble efforts of a modest Muse.

Ye gracious pow'rs, accept my pray'r,
And o'er a BRUNSWICK's favour'd head,
Whose soul does thy own image bear,
Thy tutelary Ægis spread;
And bounteous on his future days bestow
The choicest blessings which the world can know.

And may thy best and brightest rays
O'er CHARLOTTE's modest worth preside,
And justify a People's praise,
For Virtue by Misfortune try'd;
Virtue, which Heav'n's peculiar grace must claim,
And to her Mem'ry give immortal fame.

THE WORLD,
July, 10, 1789.

TO THE
MEMORY
OF

W E R T E R.

“ With *female* Fairies will thy tomb be haunted,
“ And worms will not come to thee.”

SHAKSPERE.

WHEN, *from* DAY's *closing eye*, the lucid tears
Fall lightly on the bending lily's head,
When, o'er the crimson sky, NIGHT's curtains
spread,
And the blue mountain's summit scarce appears ;

When languid EVENING, sinking to repose,
Her filmy mantle o'er the landscape throws—
Of THEE I'll sing ! and as the mournful song
Glides in slow numbers the dank woods among,
My wand'ring steps shall seek the lonely shade,
Where all thy *virtues*, all thy *griefs* are laid.

Yes,

Yes, *hopeless* SUFFERER! friendless, and forlorn—
Sweet victim of LOVE's power, the silent tear
Shall oft as twilight's close, and blushing morn,
Gem the pale primrose that adorns thy bier;
And as the balmy dew ascends to heaven,
Thy *crime* shall steal away, thy *frailty* be forgiven!

Oft by the moon's wan beam, the *village MAID*,
Led by soft *Sympathy*, shall stroll along;—

Oft shall she listen in the *Lime-tree's** *shade*,
Her cold blood freezing at the *night-owl's* song;

Or when she hears the *death-bell's* solemn sound,
Her light steps echoing o'er the hollow ground,
Oft shall the graceful tear adorn her cheek,
Thy pow'r, O SENSIBILITY! in magic charms to
speak.

For the *lorn* TRAV'LER, doom'd afar to roam,
From the dear comforts of his native home,
A glimm'ring star puts forth a silvery ray,
Warms his sad heart, and marks his thorny way;
The short-liv'd radiance cheers the gloom of night,
And decks HEAVEN's *spangled dome* with transitory
light.

* "At the corner of the Church-yard are two *lime-trees*,
" 'Tis *there* I wish to rest."

So,

So, from the mournful CHARLOTTE's *dark-emb'd*
lids,

The fainted tear of *pitying* VIRTUE *flows,*
And the *last* boon, the "Churlish Priest" forbids,
On thy lone grave the sacred drop bestows;
There shall the glitt'ring *dews* of EVENING shine,
And HEAVEN'S OWN INCENSE consecrate the SHRINE.

LAURA.

Vide "*The Sorrows of Werter.*"

THE WORLD,
July 15, 1789.

ON A

T E A R.

OH! THAT the CHEMIST's magic art
 Could chrystalize this sacred treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 It's lustre caught from CHLOE's eye;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell——
The spring of SENSIBILITY!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
 In thee the *rays of VIRTUE* shine
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine,

Benign restorer of the soul!
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
 When first she feels the rude controul
 Of LOVE or PITY, JOY or GRIEF.

The

The SAGE's and the POET's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in FANCY's *idle dream*,
In REASON's *Philosophic page*.

That *very* LAW * which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the EARTH a *Sphere*,
And guides the PLANETS in their *course*.

* The law of Gravitation.

FLORIO.

THE WORLD,
July 17, 1789.

EPIGRAM.

THE
PUNSTERS PROTEST.

THO' OXFORD *Sages* all admit
Professor WHITE a *sad-cock*,
The Punsters, with dissentient wit,
Will have the man a *Bad-cock*.

O. P.

THE WORLD,
July 17, 1789.

PHILANDER.

IF e'er DELUSION o'er thy breast
 In gilded visions rov'd;
 If e'er thy faultring tongue exprest
I know that I am lov'd!

With those thy secret wishes knew
 Compare the joys I prov'd,
 Who oft have said, and thought it true,
I know that I am lov'd!

But when EXPERIENCE tore aside
 The charm thy soul approv'd,
 If e'er thy trembling bosom sigh'd,
I fear I am not lov'd!

Ah! pity one whose bleeding heart
 Each sad extreme has prov'd;
 From ev'ry comfort forc'd to part,
Because he was not lov'd.

Yet

Yet once, on wings of guiltless joy,
My laughing moments mov'd;
No cloud the prospect could destroy,
For once I thought she lov'd.

THE WORLD,
July 21, 1789.

FRAGMENT.

THE
S C H O O L - B O Y.

How often, springing with the rest from School,
Light as the morn, I loiter'd round a Pool;
At Duck and Drake the little combat try'd,
And lent my soul with ev'ry stone I ply'd:
How often, heedless of the stream beneath,
I leap'd the ditch, and measur'd o'er the heath;
More blest, if matchless in the Race I prov'd,
Than WOLFE, expiring for the fame he lov'd!
More charm'd to conquer where no sorrow rose,
Than snatch one laurel from my bleeding foes.
Along the Green, what various tricks I play'd;
How oft I wrestled in the neighb'ring shade!
Climb'd the tall tree, and on its trembling bough
Exulting, triumph'd o'er the crowd below;
Whilst to my breast an infant passion stole,
And pour'd its object on my wak'ning soul.
Ah, scenes belov'd! to me more precious far
Than all the gay magnificence of war!
No secret care my pleasures could destroy;
The morning rose, and with it rose my joy.

No

No restless sighs the coming ev'ning cross'd,
In guiltless joys each fleeting hour was lost;
To mutual raptures innocently lent,
Our bosoms heav'd and settled in content.
Such were the hours of youth and harmless ease,
No day beginning but whose hours could please!
And such the promise, which in fondness grew,
On ev'ry scene imagination drew:
Serenely clear the tide of Being ran,
Till time had urg'd it into boist'rous MAN.

PHILANDER.

THE WORLD,
July 21, 1789.

M A Y.

BORN in yon blaze of Orient Sky,
 Sweet MAY!—thy radiant form unfold!
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous Eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant Zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower—
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

LIGHT GRACES, dress'd in flowery wreaths,
 And TIPTOE JOYS their hands combine,
 And LOVE his sweet contagion breathes,
 And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm, with new life, the glittering throngs,
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted, join their votive songs,
 And hail thee—GODDESS of the SPRING!

O D E

T O

P O V E R T Y.

NYMPH of *the Threadbare* Garb, with haggard eye,
 Whose cheeks disdaining to disclose
 Ought of the *Lilly* or the *Rose*,
 Alone confesses the *Crocus'* yellow die—
 Hail! for thou, full many a day,
 Hast been companion of my way;
 And therefore do I bring to thee
 This tributary lay, *Stern* POVERTY!

On some bleak waste, o'er which the winds may roar
 Resistless, is perhaps *thy home*;
 Yet cannot thy drear clay-built dome
 Exclude the howling blasts, or tempest's pow'r;
 Or in some ruin'd mansion's height,
 Haply, thou rather may'st delight,
 Where, on thy *Straw Bed*, big with woes,
 Thou seek'st in vain oblivious sweet repose.

I see thee now, in all thy horrors clad,
Stalking before my aching sight !
Thy eyes bent down to shun the light,
Folded thy arms, thy pace desponding sad !
While the rude blast, that in the air
Scatters thy garment long worn bare,
Displays a form so wan, so thin,
With bones that seem just bursting thro' the skin.

And onward as thou bendest thy career,
Swift from thee mortals fearful fly,
Dreading to meet thy baneful eye,
And trembling to behold thy presence near ;
E'en he, whom hoards of wealth surround,
Starts at thy voice's horrid sound,
Runs to his bags to count them o'er,
Then locks them up, and turns thee from his door.

Yet by *the* MUSES, at their humble cell,
Too well thy death-like form is known ;
For they, long us'd to Fortune's frown,
Have learnt with thee in misery to dwell :
E'en I, their *lowest* votary, know
And feel thy each attendant woe ;
Nor is that pleasure MINE, to prove
The soothing voice of Friends' or Parents' love.

Yet

Yet do I not of thee, *stern* NYMPH, complain;
Tho' thus the humble vale along,
Unnotic'd by the passing throng,
I breathe my artless, unambitious strain;
For thou hast damp'd th' aspiring flame
That erst impell'd me on to fame,
And taught my soul to hope for peace
Alone, when life and all its wants shall cease.

EGISTUS.

THE WORLD,
July 24, 1789.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA,
ON LOOKING AT THE
COMPASS.

Addressed to a Lady.

IN all the wand'rings of my soul
The Gods have known me true,
For like the Needle to the Pole,
I always turn to you.

If chill Misfortune should assail,
And cloud the joys in view,
Still, spite of ev'ry boist'rous gale,
I always turn to you.

And though gay Pleasure's rosy train
Unfold each magic hue,
O'er ev'ry scene those beauties reign,
I always turn to you.

In vain another would inspire,
Or make my heart untrue;
I feel, alas! but one desire,
And alway turns to *you*.

The

The melting accents, when I hear
Of love that's pictur'd true,
A fond remembrance charms my ear,
And always turns to *you*.

Through all the changes of my life,
Since faith and love agree,
In mutual comfort, mutual strife—
Oh! may'st thou turn to me.

PHILANDER.

THE WORLD,
July 28, 1789.

STANZAS,

On seeing the BURLESQUE PRINTS of the

DAMERIAN APOLLO.

BLASPHEMING WAG! whose venom'd dart
Has sped with idle aim,
Repell'd by DAMER's magic art,
And more than blameless fame.

As well might WIT's *licentious band*
LOVE's hallow'd rites expose ;
To tinge with blushes HYMEN's *band*,
And scoff at Nature's throes!

Thy talent then, *fair Artist!* follow,
To shame the envious elf ;
And sketch, while TASTE owns *thy* APOLLO,
A VENUS from THYSELF!

A FRIEND TO THE ARTS.

THE WORLD,
July 28, 1789.

A SONG,
WRITTEN ON THE
BANKS OF A RIVER.

GENTLE Stream, on thy Banks let me pensively
rove,

Thy shade and thy murmurs are welcome to me;
Thy sound on the *still Ear of EV'NING* I love,
And MEM'RY'S *deep Sorrows* are deepen'd by thee.

But why, gentle Stream, flows this murmur of grief?
Why responsive to mine, seems thy deep-swelling
tone?

Thou mourn'st not like me from a pang *past* relief,
Thou mourn'st not, like me, for the *Days that are
gone!*

Still useful thy Waves as they flow unconfin'd,
See the Seasons' rich produce deriv'd from their
course;

While the *Stream of my Time* leaves no produce be-
hind,

But the *sigh of REGRET*, and the *pang of REMORSE*.

Then

Then mine, silly Stream, shou'd these deep murmurs
be,

While thy glassy Wave should exulting flow on ;
At time unimprov'd thou repin'st not like me,
Nor vainly regrettest the Days that are gone.

Oh! were thy clear Stream of the power possess'd,
By Poets bestow'd on the *LETHE of old*,
My lips should, rejoicing, regain my lost rest,
And the *warm touch of MEM'RY* ever lie cold.

Then I to the future should hasten unmov'd,
As past usefess hours would no longer be known ;
Forgotten each folly my thoughtless youth lov'd,
No more I should weep o'er the days that are gone.

But vain is the thought—as the shadow the form,
So surely must Mem'ry past actions attend ;
Ah, me! her fell influence wakes Terror's fierce
storm,
But see, to allay it, Repentance descend!

To cheer me, *her Daughter*, AMENDMENT, she leads,
Together they breathe the encouraging tone ;
But the Breast of Repentance still tenderly bleeds,
And heaves a deep sigh for *the Days that are gone*.

And

And as *faithful* AFFECTION at Midnight's still hour,
To the Grave of a Friend loves to hasten unseen;
Whilst the thought, that no tears can lost Blessings
 restore,
Makes the pang of Remembrance more painfully
 keen.

So I, tho' Amendment with soul-soothing aid
 May have banish'd the pangs which long I have
 known,
Will haste, gentle Stream, to thy Banks and thy Shade,
A REQUIEM to breathe to the Days that are gone.

EMMA.

THE WORLD,
July 31, 1789.

O D E

TO

H O P E.

O THOU!

Who on some ROUGH ROCK's height
 Woo'ft the propitious gale,
 And fit'ft with straining fight
 To catch the long expected fail;
 With eyes fixt on the VISIONARY VERGE,
 Where, in murmurs soft, high heaves,
 To kifs heav'ns canopy, the SWELLING SURGE,
 Which seems to meet the wave, and its falute receives.

While FLATTERING FANCY pourtrays oft the fail,
 That from the far-off billows seems to rife,
 Tho' soon withdrawn the dear deluding veil,
 No more it meets thy eager eyes!
 And tho' thy heaving breast,
 By the full swell of grief be rent,
 Still DARK Despair is not thy bosom's guest;
 Still forward thy expecting eyes are bent.

O Thou!

O Thou!

From whose full train
Despair, with hollow eye,
And PINCHING Poverty and Pain,
And mirth-contemning Melancholy fly—
HAIL! for often hast thou sooth'd this breast,
And when my heart would give full sway,
And the dark dictates of despair obey,
Thou, HOPE, hast bid my bosom's tumults rest!

Yet not to any clime alone
Is thy soothing sway confin'd;
Where'er I fling my eye 'tis known,
Thy power is felt by all mankind.

Yon Captive, on whole woe-worn form no gale
Has deign'd to blow for many a ling'ring day;
Who long has ceas'd the voice of friend to hail,
Who long has ceas'd to feel the solar ray;
Yet still the hapless wretch, tho' in his breast
Swoln Sorrow dwell, and slow consuming Grief,
Hopes as at night he lays him down to rest,
Returning morning will afford relief.

The

The drooping Damsel, whose lov'd swain afar
Is seeking honour on the tented plain,
Feeds with fond hopes her bosom, that from war
Safe to her arms he will return again :

And should he not return—and—should he fall,
To woe-dispensing war a victim giv'n,
Still hopes she hence, when death at length shall
call,

To meet him in the blissful bow'rs of Heaven.

Oh ! still then, o'er my aching mind,
Hope, thy lenient balsam pour,

And bid me happiness expect to find
Beyond the present hapless hour !

Oh ! from my bosom drive Despair,
Nor wonder, Hope, at this unusual prayer !

For does not my sad sight survey
Thy pallid care-worn cheek adown

The trickling tear, MARIA, stray,
That tells me, what thou wilt not own ?

And hear I not my infants' cries,
And view I not their up-turn'd eyes,
That speak their wants, and bid my burning brain
Burst madd'ning from cool reason's train ;

Oh !

Oh! still then, o'er my aching mind,
Hope, thy soothing balsam pour,
And bid me happiness expect to find
When this heart heaves, this bosom throbs no more!

GLANVILLE.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 1, 1789.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES

TO

MRS. DELANT.

PAPYRA, *thron'd upon the banks of Nile,*
Spread her smooth leaf, and wav'd her silver style.

The *story'd Pyramid*—the *laurel'd Bust*—
The *trophy'd Arch* had crumbled into dust—
The *sacred Symbol*, and the *EPIC Song*,
(Unknown the character, forgot the tongue)
With each unconquer'd Chief, or fainted Maid,
Sunk undistinguish'd in Oblivion's shade;
Sad o'er the scatter'd ruins, GENIUS SIGH'D,
And INFANT ARTS, but learn'd to LISP—and DIED!

Till to astonish'd realms PAPYRA taught
To paint in mystic colours *Sound* and *Thought*;
With Wisdom's voice to print the page sublime,
And mark in ADAMANT, the STEPS of TIME!

Three

Three favour'd Youth with fond officious care,
Learn the strange process, and assist the fair;
The *first*, from *Alpha* to *Omega* joins
The letter'd tribes, along the level lines;
Weighs with nice ear, the *vowel*, *liquid*, *furd*,
And breaks in syllables the *volant word*.

Then forms the *NEXT*, upon the marshal'd plain,
In deep'ning ranks his dext'rous cypher train,
And *COUNTS*, as wheal, the decimating bands,
The *DEWS* of *EGYPT*, or *ARABIA'S SANDS*!

And then the *THIRD*—on four *concordant lines*
Prints the lone *crotchet*, and the *quaver* joins;
Marks the *gay trill*, the *solemn pause* inscribes,
And parts with *bars* the undulating tribes.

Pleas'd round her cane-wove Throne th' applaud-
ing crowd,
Clapp'd their rude hands, their swarthy foreheads
bow'd;
With loud acclaim—" *A present God!*" they cry'd,
"*A present God!*" rebellowing shores reply'd.
Then peal'd at intervals with mingled swell
The echoing *barp*, shrill *clarion*, *born*, and *sbell*;

While Bards ecstatic, bending o'er the lyre,
Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the Song with
fire!

Then mark'd ASTRONOMERS with keener eyes
The MOON's refulgent journey thro' the skies;
Watch'd the swift COMETS urge their blazing cars,
And weigh'd the SUN with his revolving stars.

High rais'd the CHEMISTS their *Hermetic Wands*,
And changing FORMS *obey'd their WAVING HANDS*!
From EARTH'S DEEP CHAMBERS TORE HER GOL-
DEN STORES,

Or fus'd, or harden'd her Chalybeate Ores.
All, with bent knee, from *fair PAPYRA* claim,
Wove by her hand, the wreath of deathless fame!
Exulting GENIUS crown'd his DARLING CHILD!
The Young ARTS clasp'd her knees—and VIRTUE
smil'd.

So, now DELANY forms her mimic bowers,
Her paper foliage, and her filken flowers;
Her Virgin Train the tender scissars ply,
Vein the green leaf, the purple petal dye;
Round wiry stems the flaxen tendril bends,
Moss creeps below—and waxen fruit impends.

Cold WINTER views, amidst his realms of snow,
 DELANY's vegetable statues blow,
 Smooths his stern brow—*delays his hoary WING,*
 And eyes with wonder, all the blooms of SPRING:

THE WORLD,
 Aug. 4, 1789.

INCONSISTENCY.

OF all the Poets' *herd of pow'rs*,
That groan on rocks, or dance in bow'rs,
That cull dank nightshade, or sweet daisies,
Not one appears to me
To merit half so many praises

As Inconsistency.

From KING to *Scavenger* he rules,
And all mankind are but his tools,
With which, upon occasion,
He can work
Jew, Pagan, Infidel, and Turk,
And CHRISTIAN too, without evasion.
He has a most provoking way,
Nor cares a button what you say;
At times, more insolent and bolder,
He even dares to mount the shoulder
Of a JUDGE,
And make him trudge

To

To kill a *partridge* or a *pheasant*,
Which you'll allow is vastly pleasant.

He'll take a BISHOP in his lawn,
And puff him up with port and brawn,
Then lead him forth a little a'ter,
And in a pulpit stick him high,
Give him a text from some old martyr,
And bid him try
By admonition, to dispense
The virtue of pale Abstinence.

With the FAIR SEX, because they're pliant,
He is as cruel as a giant,
And laughs at all their modest airs,
At Court, the *Playhouse*, or at *pray'rs*;
And though they blush at ev'ry hint,
That seems to have *low nonsense* in't—
He vows, among the best,
He's brought a number to the test—
And in the dark,
That one and all will meet a spark,
Who, if he be audacious,
Will seldom find them pertinacious.

Sometimes a *blockhead without brains*,
He coaxes with peculiar pains,

To look important and mysterious ;
 Till POLITICIANS turn to gapers,
 Lay down their pipes and papers,
 To wonder why he's grown so serious ;
 Thinking there's in him something more
 Than ever they observ'd before :

While he, elated by such glory,
 Goes flound'ring forward, without end,
 And gives them story upon story :
 Calls SHERIDAN, *perhaps, his friend* ;
 Shows that himself were able,
 If once in pow'r,
 In half an hour

To cleanse th' Augean stable :
 And tells what BILLY, or what CHARLEY meant,
With ev'ry backney'd phrase of Parliament.

In honour of the pow'r I hail,
 Permit my verse to tell a tale——

There was a SQUIRE *so very wise*,
 The sight of him put out your eyes ;
 A blaze of glory being round him,
 He terrify'd all folks that found him ;
 Whene'er he spoke he gave the Law,
 While CHEMISTRY, and many a science,
 Leap'd from his tongue in proud defiance—
 He was a man without a flaw.

If

If chance he met you of a matin,
 His *How dy'e do?* might pass for *Latin*,
 And by his solemn pronounciation,
 You'd guess him of the old Greek nation.
 Alas! at home he'd nought to brag on,
 His wife was fiercer than a *Dragon*,
 And made him humble and obedient
 As often as she thought expedient;
 Knowing he ever would be meek,
 Because he was a *Jerry Sneak*,
 And though *her Lord*, and *her Protector*,
 Would bear submissively her lecture.

Perhaps my gentle readers think
 This tale not worth the waste of ink.
 But INCONSISTENCY's a *Hero*
 Greater than JOSEPH, or Old NERO;
 And if he chose,

By way of fun,
 That what begun

In verse, should end in prose,
 I would not disobey his orders,
 But follow him to Folly's borders.
 For he possesses all the arts,
 That "*make one man play many parts*;"
 Sends Freeholders and decent Spouses
 To cheer themselves in *naughty houses*—

A *Coward* can persuade to fight,
And bids your humble Servant write.

IGNIS FATUUS,

THE WORLD,
Aug. 6, 1789.

SIMKIN

TO

SIMON in WALES.

BE assured, my dear BROTHER, whene'er I have leisure,

I shall always be happy to add to your pleasure,
 And since you solicit them, such as they are,
 I will give you my own observations on P—R.
 You know, for two seasons, I've try'd every art
 To conciliate and soften the ORATOR's heart;
 But, alas! I have long unsuccessfully toil'd,
 And in all my endeavours been constantly foil'd;
 I resolv'd to examine the cause of my failing,
 And the secret find out of the DOCTOR's prevailing:
 To my BOOKSELLER then I directed a note,
 To send me the Book which the PEDAGOGUE wrote;
 The moment I turn'd to the PREFACE, surprise
 Forc'd its way to my brain thro' the pores of my eyes.
 It presented an object uncommonly fine,
 A most beautiful Picture—and almost divine!
 Believe me, dear SIMON, no landscape in WALES,
 Full of rivers and rocks, full of mountains and vales,
 A more

A more striking diversity offers to sight,
 Than the Preface which P—R was so good as to write;
 I'm convinc'd that DIVINITY only could speak
 Such an *elegant jargon* of Latin and Greek;
 Not a page but exhibits unnumber'd quotations,
 From histories, poems, and ancient orations;
 QUINTILIAN and HOMER, DEMOSTHENES, HUME,
 Are work'd up in one *panegyric*al loom;
 The texture displays the vast skill of the *Weaver*,
 And gives him strong claim to the ORATOR's favour.
 I have heard that P—R's Scholars, six days in the
 week

Were translating the HERALD to Latin and Greek,
 Whose paragraphs choicest the Doctor selected
 For his preface—the rest, he as *lumber* rejected.
 'Tis a Work which the strangest of *Chequers* surpasses,
 Whilst the diff'rence of style shews the diff'rence of
 classes.

But what you must think more miraculous still,
 Is the depth of the PEDAGOGUE's magical skill;
 A hundred dead Authors he readily raises,
 Who all sing together the MANAGERS' praises.
 After all these exploits, is it longer surprising,
 That SIMKIN should sink, whilst the DOCTOR is ri-
 sing?

But

But as matter seems wanting to fill up this letter,
 Perhaps, *my dear* BROTHER may relish it better;
 If instead of relating my own observations,
 I give some examples of P—R's *Commendations*.
 You will find in *page six*, of the *Second Edition*,
 P—R, speaking of BURKE with the deepest contrition,
 Laments, that *his friend* is a specimen sad,
 "Of FORTUNES *once good, now deplorably bad.*"

The days he remembers, when EDMUND was }
 young,

Those agreeable days, when the Senators hung }
 On the *long twisted rope* of the ORATOR's tongue.

But in danger of choaking, and weary of hanging,
 They are now quite regardless of EDMUND's ha-
 ranging;

And there's scarcely one Member who listens, altho'
 His Oration partakes of the nature of *Snow*.

In the following page, P—R is certain and sure,
 That BURKE leads the life of the *True SIMON PURE*,
 And that all other men—as 'tis proper they should,
 Must account for their conduct to EDMUND *the Good*;

But among the best traits he has noted in BURKE,
 Is this—that in spite of the rascally work
 Of Fortune, his dignity never can yield;
 But tho' *beaten* and thump'd, still remains in the field;
 And in all undertakings, tho' hooted and hiss'd,
 His conscience approving, has made him persist.

There

There is one thing, perhaps, I hereafter may do,
Which, by way of a secret, I mention to you,
As my heroes esteem what is crabbed and cramp,
My writings next seasons shall be of that stamp;
Our *Welsh* and their *English* I'll happily mingle,
Which like P—R's Greek and Latin may prettily jingle;

And to render the sound still more striking and full,
From BURKE's *native Irish* some phrases I'll cull;
With these I will now and then spangle my line,
And I question if P—R's will look better than mine.
It is not, however, for me to expect,
Like him, to excite universal respect;
Greek, English, and Latin in gratitude join,
To the DOCTOR obliged, for his plentiful coin.
With *Burkins* and *Foxius*, and such pretty sounds,
As *ὁ Γαλλίζοντες* the Preface abounds;
There is one thing indeed which I cannot yet find,
Why PITT by *ὁ δεινὰ* is always design'd;
Nor do I suppose that the DOCTOR could tell,
Why *Pittius* for PITT, would not read just as well.
But the reason of this, ere I come to the end,
'Tis likely enough, I may well comprehend;
For indeed, *my dear SIMON*, 'twere fitting you know,
That I have not, as yet, read the Preface half through;
In *Lexicons* oft, disappointed, I seek
For the DOCTOR's *new coinage* of Latin and Greek.

I must

I must not forget to inform you, the style
Is a recipe good for the cure of the bile;
So, like *Convalescents*, who store up their pills,
I reserve it for bilious and splenetic ills.

Here this Letter ends, but in case *my dear BRO-*
THER

Should the subject approve, I can send him another;
For P—R's Preface resembles a pantomine dish,
'Made of all sorts of meat, of fowls, puddings, and
fish.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 13, 1789.

SIMKIN

TO HIS

Dear BROTHER in WALES.

YOU tell me, dear SIMON, you relish the feast
 I procur'd you from P—R, the *political* priest;
 Now, since my Remarks correspond with your liking,
 Let me add a few more, that are equally striking.

P—R tells us, *the deluging language of Fox*
Runs down from the mountain and tears up the rocks!
 (And among other mad unaccountable pranks)
It blows up the bridge and runs over the banks—
And whene'er, in this manner, FOX happens to speak,
*The minds are astonish'd of those that are weak!**
 In the very next page, the *mock Doctor* is struck
 With the horrors, at CHARLEY's long run of ill luck;
 The *past* he considers a terrible curse,
 But the *future*, he fears, will be fifty times worse;
 He sees, at a distance, some storm that is brewing,
 And likely t'involve the *whole PARTY* in ruin;

* *Cujus enim dicentis ex ore Senatus quondam pendebat, illius
 jam oratio etsi nivibus hybernis simillima sit, sibi tamen audentiam
 vix ullum facit.*

But

But what still increases the DOCTOR's regret,
Is, that all *honest men* were with CHARLEY upset.—
At length he observes, in the way of condoling,
The *good Conscience* of CHARLES must be very *conso-*
ling—

And tho' at *O' deina* P—R constantly snarls,
He's indulgent enough to the foibles of CHARLES,
Who spent a good part of his youth in the stews,
Yet found himself MORE than a MATCH for the JEWS;
Peccadilloes, like these, P—R is pleas'd to insist
Cannot place his dear friend on the *criminal list*—
And the truth of that adage he strongly enforces,
That the *wildest of colts* make the *finest of horses*—
And the converse of this proposition the same,
Your *horse* proves a *slug*, if your *colt* was too *tame*;
And thence, as *O' deina's* not fond of a wench,
We must think him unfit for the Treasury Bench.

In *page the fifteenth*, the *sad* DOCTOR laments
That the PARTY funk under the worst of events;
For, whilst they were using their utmost endeavour
To make themselves firm in their places *for ever*—
And when Fortune seem'd willing to grant all their
wishes,
The PHILISTINES rush'd in, and laid hold of their
fishes—

But

But tho' silenc'd just then, by regard for his bones,
 He now may, with safety, give vent to his groans.
 When the DOCTOR had storm'd and expended his
 rage,

By sighing and groaning for more than a page,
 With profusion of logic, and deep erudition,
 He began a defence of a *late* COALITION!
 All those who condemn, says the learned Divine,
 Wrap in high sounding words, *elocution canine*;
 That is, they are *house-dogs* that watchfully bark,
 When they smell out a *thief, that would steal in the dark*.
 After all these hyperboles, laughably odd,
 P—R should be created, a *Father in God*;
 And CHARLES, *when he can*, must reward with a mi-
 tre

The merit of this panegyric writer.—

DOCTOR JOHNSON, I've heard, with no stronger
 pretension,
 Got from Administration the grant of a pension:
 Of *pedantry*, HE, late *egregious professor*,
 To P—R left the chair, as his *rightful successor*.
 The first a COLOSSUS, of straddle so wide,
 As to spread o'er this globe, and *whole systems* beside—
 The next, a COLOSSULUS, standing on pegs,
 With all the *dead languages under his legs*—

The

The *former* knew more than will ever be known—
The *latter* makes Latin and Greek of *his own*.

'Tis diverting to see how the DOCTOR can scold,
At *nescio quis* WILBERFORCE,* who was so bold
As to say, “ that BURKE’s *judgement* had lost *all its*
“ *powers*,

“ And that time had *destroy’d* his *rhetorical flowers*.”
Then O’ *deina* comes in for his share of the blame,
For rashly presuming to *echo* the same,
Without being mov’d by confusion or shame,
But P—R’s of opinion, the most they can say
Is, that BURKE’s *elocution* begins to grow grey.
But now, my dear SIMON, ’tis proper and fit
I should give P—R’s remark on O’ *DEINA* or PITT.
His *political* course, when O’ *DEINA* began,
P—R thought him a *promising, decent young man* ;
But when, unexpected, he *alter’d* his tack,
From *charmingly white*, he grew *frightfully black*.
Now I think that the HERALD, or some other print,
Should give this forgetful young Statesman a hint,
That, *black* as he is, he might soon become *whiter*,
By giving the DOCTOR the next vacant MITRE.
How useful ’twould be, in *political war*,
To have such a *militant* Bishop as P—R,

* Page 42.

Who, if OPPOSITION should venture to speak,
Would well cannonade them with *Latin* and *Greek*.
As PITT has not many years quitted the *College*,
P—R thinks he must needs want political knowledge—
But this is a failing I should not suspect
In PITT, were it not for his *shameful neglect*
Of the *merit* of P—R, but this conduct at once
Proclaims him to be a political Dunce.

But 'tis time I should think of concluding this Letter;
And, perhaps, you would tell me, The sooner the better—
For the present I therefore will stay all proceeding,
Being heartily weary of writing and reading.
For tho', like our *Welch Mountains*, it catches the eye,
P—R's preface, like *them*, is *hard*, *barren*, and *dry*.
When I take up the book, I can't possibly keep
My eyes for five minutes, from yielding to sleep.

But if no other subject occurs, MY DEAR BROTHER,
Upon *this*, I hereafter must *send you* ANOTHER.

SONNET

28 lines
comp.

BY

MR. MERRY.

Quique PII VATES—qui PHOEBE DIGNA locuti
Quique SUI MEMORES, alios fecere, MERENDO.

WHEN WINTER chills the dreary plain,
And binds the Floods in chrystal chain;
If chance a transient Sun-beam cheer
The *heavenly* MAID I most revere,
How have I wish'd that Beam to be
For her WHO NEVER THINKS OF ME.

When burning SUMMER's Heats arise,
And languid Nature drooping lies,
If chance a passing Gale might bring
The cooling fragrance of the Spring,
How have I wish'd that Gale to be
For her WHO NEVER THINKS ON ME.

The MORNING DEW that wets the Rose
Its blooming tints more lovely shows;

So on that ANGEL FACE appears
The pearly lustre of her Tears,
When others Woe she weeps to see—
But, O! SHE NEVER THINKS ON ME.

The TRAV'LER on some Mountain's side,
Who dreads the dangers yet untry'd,
Amid the Night's bewild'ring Noon,
Enraptur'd views the rising Moon;
So I rejoice the form to see
Of her WHO NEVER THINKS ON ME.

Where'er her MOURNFUL FOOTSTEPS go,
My thoughts attend in silent woe!
When clad in SMILES her charms appear,
My ravish'd Soul is ever near!
Nought can my vanquish'd fancy see,
But her WHO NEVER THINKS ON ME.

When round the Youths in transport gaze,
And LOVE FORBIDS THE POWER OF PRAISE—
While SHE with artless mien beguiles,
And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles—
Her triumphs still I'm fond to see,
Alibough SHE NEVER THINKS ON ME.

Then

Then go, FAIR HOPE, for ever go!
Here will I nourish DEAREST WOE—
For SORROW's self can sweets impart!
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the Heart!
And sweet to die 'twill surely be—
For her WHO NEVER THINKS ON ME.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 21, 1789.

S E R E N A D E.

WHEN o'er the Tuscan plain WILD WINTER threw
 His MIDNIGHT MANTLE, of a SABLE HUE,
 Where far-fam'd Florence rears her marble pride,
 And aged Arno's varying waters glide ;
 Beneath the terrace of his much lov'd fair,
 With locks dishevel'd, and with bosom bare,
 A fond Italian thus exprefs'd his pain,
 Struck the soft lyre, and pour'd the vocal strain :

If she I lov'd be now repos'd
 In folded arms of downy sleep,
 I'm well content to watch and weep—
 My eyes are never clos'd!

For I adore that angel face,
 I love her beauty to despair!
 Her azure eye, and auburn hair,
 Her bosom's matchless grace!

Alas, no other joy have I—
 But near this window's glimm'ring ray,
 To breath in vain the heartless lay
 Of genuine misery!

Now

Now dreary darkness reigns around,
And nought shall trouble her repose,
Save the sharp wind that rudely blows
With melancholy sound.

But not the feeble note I raise,
Shall e'er disturb her slumb'ring ear;
Nor could I wish my fair to hear,
BECAUSE I SING HER PRAISE!

For all the treasures of the East,
For ev'ry Monarch's glitt'ring crown—
I would not have my useless moan
Invade her ROSY REST.

And, O! may PASSION never heave
That breast! the fond abode of joy!
Love would her happiness destroy,
And teach her how to grieve.

SHE THEN would feel the rending sigh,
Would mourn, perhaps, the live-long night,
Unknown to peace or calm delight,
AS SAD, AS LOST AS I.

Blow ! blow ye winds ! descend ye rains !
I scorn the torrent and the blast ;
Ills such as these are quickly past,
Eternal are my pains.

But since my fair one is repos'd
In folded arms of downy sleep,
I'm well content to watch and weep,
MY EYES ARE NEVER CLOS'D.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 26, 1789.

LETTER FROM MARGERET
TO HER
SISTER BRIDGET.

MY dear sister BRIDGET, I'm quite shock'd to find,
By the Letter that yesterday you was so kind
To write me, concerning your MATTERS OF STATE,
That 'twas EDMUND whose PROWESS you long'd to
relate.—

Now I really must hint to you, dear SISTER BIDDY,
That, at your time of life, a confession so giddy
As—“ *If BURKE was to offer, you could not withstand,*
“ *For BETTER for WORSE—to accept of his band,*”
Is quite unbecoming your years, or your station,
And, if rumour'd abroad, a disgrace to your Nation—
For SIMKIN's long Letters to SIMON I've read,
And partly from them, it has come in my head,
That this wonderful EDMUND you all think so wise,
Perhaps is a Jesuit, here in disguise.

Now, that such an idea should cross me in WALES, }
Where, we should be ignorant, but for your tales, }
Of every thing passing beyond our own vales, }
Seems odd!—But the truth is, I have had a DREAM,
Which, at first, I thought merely occasion'd by cream
I had

I had eaten for supper one night with a toast,
When a Letter of SIMKIN's arrived by the post.—
I dreamt I was sitting in WESTMINSTER HALL,
Hearing EDMUND hold forth—when th'amazement
of all!—

(I despair of attempting by language to paint,
For myself, I confess, I was ready to faint—)
When all on a sudden his figure and face,
His old *style of* RANTING *and usual* GRIMACE,
Underwent such a change as, tho' wondrous to tell,
He seem'd as if under the pow'r of a spell,
And utter'd more truth in ten minutes or more,
Than he ever had done in his whole life before.—
For under th'influence of this strange emotion,
He loudly confessed, that the popular notion
Of his having brought WARREN HASTINGS to trial,
From you well know what, was a fact past denial!
For HASTINGS, it seems, counteracted the schemes
Of his *brother* WILLIAM, in India, whose dreams
For power and for wealth have by that means been
cross'd—

A *big* MISDEMEANOR! and ne'er to be lost!

I wak'd in a tremor, and, if you'll believe me,
Have scarcely recover'd the horror it gave me—
So depend on't, his love for *old women* you'll find
A tissue of *truths*, like the rest of his mind.

Bring

Bring no Irish impostors and vagrants to me,
Who have toil'd all my life to keep PEMBROKESHIRE
free

From these wandering Orators, whose depredation
On our hedges and yards are a shame to our Nation;
And if you don't give up your shocking attachment,
You over the door must soon hang up my hatchment;
And SIMKIN and SIMON will lose their poor mother,
The latter of whom sends his love to his brother.

MARGERET.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 27, 1789.

AUNT BRIDGET IN LONDON,

TO HER

NEPHEW SIMON in WALES.

DEAR SIMON, since closing the Trial this year,
 To the loss of the Town, and relief of each Peer;
 Since the MANAGERS, forc'd their long tales to post-
 pone,

Have left India's distresses, to think of their own;
 Since ADAM, late truant to Coke and to Blackstone,
 To decoy the rare Brief has resum'd Robe and Caxon,
 And despairing, reserv'd for a time somewhat distant,
 Writing copies out fair from the Penman's Assistant;
 Since silenc'd by fatal adjournment, no more
 Fox distils Law and Logic from every pore;
 Since BURKE, interdicted, nor hisses nor howls,
 Both SIMKIN and I are grown moping as Owls.
 Consign'd to dull apathy, languor, and sloth,
 (Our poetical talents wrapt up in a cloth)
 We grieve that delay should its Sabbath devote
 To our Rhymes, and to MONTAGU's thread-bare
 dresscoat.

This respite perhaps might for HASTINGS be meant,
 As a short-liv'd recruit when his spirits were spent;

As

As your adepts in baiting, great care always take
To releafe the torn Bull, 'ere quite dead, from the
stake.

Be that as it may, it was shameful to stop
E'er his patience was drain'd to the very last drop;
When the Town all agog, long'd for farther abuse,
And ANSTRUTHER still had *so much* to produce.
However, tho' these mighty men of renown
Have ceas'd for a while to enliven the Town,
The Town, while their merits and toils it repays,
Has hir'd a new D'URFEY to chant forth their praise:
And to prove what amusement this Trial still yields,
Take the following Ballad I bought in Moorfields:
And as each City feast brings a new one to light,
I shall send you another the next time I write.

A SONG.

TO THE

ANACREONTIC TUNE.

To the COMMONS assembled, once BURKE and his
clan

Represented, with superabundance of diction,
That they all should grow dumb—aye, by G—, to a
man,

If prevented from using their talents at fiction.
Though PITT were too wise to waste time in replies,
He ought not to lay an embargo on lies :
So they begg'd he'd permit them at least to impeach—
'Twas indifferent whom—so they had but their speech.

PITT nodded assent.—BURKE immediate look'd round
For a victim on whom to concentrate their rage,
Thought he, how courageous and grand it will sound,
To worry the first, choicest men of the age.
An Eagle ne'er tears ought but lambs, fowls, or
hares,

And disdains on vile vermin to pounce unawares :
So let's fly at high game, and the higher we reach,
The greater our glory will be to impeach.

There's

There's RODNEY, the pride of this Nautical Realm,
Who has spread o'er whole Oceans his conquering
fail,
While valour and wisdom directed his helm,
And Victory's breath superseded the gale :
LANGARA's wreck'd Fleet, and De GRASSE's defeat,
Establish his fame and his triumph complete :
That triumph we'll tarnish, that Conqu'ror we'll
teach
To strike fail to our flag, when his fame we impeach.

Immortal GEORGE ELLIOT next came in his eye,
Whom firm on his Rock, not the World could
controul :
Like the great Syracusan, who ventur'd to cry,
Give a spot for my foot, and I'll manage the Pole.
The man whom all Spain has assaulted in vain,
And exhausted her force both on Earth and the
Main ;
When to reap mature Laurels he lands on our Beach,
With a batt'ry of Bomb-sounding words we'll im-
peach.

While thus in Satanic effusion of mind,
With a Basilisk's ken he was fixing his Prey ;
And pumping invention fit weapons to find,
Fate threw a more exquisite Chace in his way.

As at Athens, the Shell was contriv'd to expell
Those magnanimous Souls who had acted too well;
So merit enshrin'd beyond Calumny's reach,
Was effective persuasion, with BURKE to impeach.

The Man he selected, his venom to spit on,
Thro' the Universe wide for bright conduct was
known:

The Saviour of India, the Bulwark of Britain,
When her Empire itself sat convuls'd on its Throne.
On the moment BURKE cry'd, when this wonder he
spy'd,

Give me HASTINGS to maul—I renounce all beside;
O! for once, let me bend, and the Commons beseech,
This *Monster of Monsters* with me to impeach.

The Commons, who dreamt not how far malice
went,

To silence a Bedlamite mouthing at large;
Reluctantly gave an extorted consent——

BURKE instantly furnish'd whole volumes of charge.
And now for two years he has weary'd the Peers.
With bawdy, buffoonery, blust' rings, and sneers:
And to his lorn Patient sticks close as a leech,
Determin'd as long as life lasts to impeach.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,
TO HIS
BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

No subject occurring as food for my pen,
On P—R I reluctantly comment again.
There is *one* thing, indeed, I omitted to mention,
Well worthy of your's, and all writers' attention :
As the *principal object* of all *Dedications*.
Is attainment of friends by *well-tim'd Adulations* ;
And as he who is eager to serve his own ends,
Can ne'er have too many well-wishers and friends ;
When he brings out a work 'tis an excellent plan,
Into *Books* to *divide* it, as much as he can.
For *each Book*, a *Patron* he ought to select,
And to praise him much more than he well can expect.

This fashion the DOCTOR led up in his work,
Bestowing a Book on NORTH, CHARLEY, and BURKE,
And having *some* firkins of Butter to spare,
And supposing his Patrons more DRY than a *Hare*,
Their skins with his grease he dripp'd, larded, and
basted,
'Till in streams it ran down, and he fear'd 'twould be
wasted.

Yet profuse as he was, 'twill hereafter be found,
 His Butter will bring a good price by the pound.
 My stomach was turn'd, I grew rather unwell,
 So affected was I by the sight and the smell;
 'Tis so loathsome that no English taste could abide it,
 Had not P—R had in *Latin* the prudence to hide it.

So Lovers, who practise the arts of deceiving,
 Finding those who are flatter'd, too fond of believ-
 ing,

Take care when they *season* their compliments high,
 That none but the person they flatter be nigh.
 On this principle, P—R, who in nature is learn'd,
 Conceal'd it from all but the parties concern'd.
 In the 45th page, it is sadly lamented,
 That the *Gentry* of *England* are much *discontented*,
 To find themselves forced in the House to sit down
 With men of no *family*, *rank*, or *renown*.
 Great part of the Senate is made up of *Jobbers*,
 According to P—R, and of *Callico Robbers*.
 And he thinks, at the entrance a porter should stay,
 To tell the new Senators which is the way,

As P—R could to SHERRY give no dedication
 For want of a book—he made full compensation

By >

By declaring, that *numberless* QUALITIES join,
Essential to make that *great Orator* shine ;
 And the first proof thereof which the Pedagogue
 brings

Is, that SHERRY has very great knowledge of THINGS,
 He has also a *knack* at *satirical joking*,
 At making *short answers*, and *very provoking* ;
 With *learning* (alluding perhaps to the STAGE)
 Such as *Gentlemen* have in this *elegant age*.

But the DOCTOR has candour enough to admit,
 That among all the ARMY which *fight* under PITT,
 With SHERRY to match not a *Soldier* is fit. }
 Nay, tho' PITT talks apace, without tripping or
 halting,

SHERRY beats him to nothing, at *cutting* and *salting*.
 SHERRY soon *tripp'd* up GRENVILLE, whose glory
 and pride

Is in having a *fall* unsuccessfully *try'd*.

All the talents which NORTH, FOX, and EDMUND
 have got,

According to P—R, fall to SHERIDAN's lot :

Like FOX he is *subtle*, *ingenious*, and *bold*—

Like BURKE he can spout forth a FOUNTAIN of
Gold, }

And like NORTH *with urbanity*, *rattle* and *scold*.

When the DOCTOR had got no more *Butter* to spare,
'Twas divertingly curious to hear him declare,
That without the least view to his *dignity* raising,
'Twas *truth*, and *truth only*, that set him a praising;
To *truth* you must think him *extremely devoted*,
As he has not a *wish* for the being *promoted*:
And to show himself truly impartial and right,
In PITT he discovers one spot that is white.
For when on the CHURCH an *attack* was *intended*,
And her rights by LORD NORTH were as bravely
defended—
PITT's eloquence also came into her aid,
Which serv'd as NORTH's *Lacquey*, or young *Cham-*
bermaid.

And now, my *Dear BROTHER*, with P—R I have
done,
And, perhaps, 'twere as well had I never begun;
For I find, on inquiry, among learned men,
His Book was ne'er heard of by *nine* out of *ten*;
And among the *few* people that heard of its *name*,
Not one part in *ten* has look'd into the same;
And I firmly believe, in this *light-reading age*,
Not a *man* in *ten thousand* could *drag* through a *page*.

ODE
TO GEORGE
MARQUIS of BLANDFORD,
PRESENTED
ON HIS COMPLETING HIS
TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

By the AUTHOR of *BLenheim*,

THE muse no humble theme prepares,
Nor tunes the lyre to trivial strains;
On vent'rous wing, she boldly dares,
To seek the sky, and quit the plains.
And did the Aonian Nymphs attend,
Their blended sweets of verse to lend;
Did Pindar's genius fire my breast,
Or polish'd Flaccus' genuine taste,
To distant *Æras* should this lay,
Upborne by fame, expand o'er earth;
And future ages hail the day,
That gave illustrious *BLANDFORD* birth.

Alas! I mourn my feeble pow'rs,
To reach the heart, or charm mankind;
But rank, combin'd with worth like yours,
Some rich recording pen shall find.

And did no Poet deck your name,
Where merit shines, behold its flame
The purest light and splendour throws,
Nor needs the incense tuneful verse bestows.

Yet deign, illustrious youth, to hear
The votive lay Truth bids me bring;
No adulation courts your ear,
Altho' I strike the plausive string:—
The plausive string I dare to strike,
When BLANDFORD's character I draw;
The portrait to the person like,
The candid eye will please, and the malignant awe.

Blest with fair lore, with manly sense,
The generous wish, the feeling heart;
And good and wise without pretence,
Or borrow'd aids from guilty art!
Kind fortune on your natal hour
Propitious smil'd, and bade her train
Each its various tribute pour,
And vow'd the blended blessings to maintain.

But

But still to higher gifts aspire,
Than liberal Fortune can bestow :
For genuine grandeur must acquire
The conscious rank it cannot owe.

Virtue beholds you reach'd your prime,
And owns you hers, with joy elate :

O ! may she shield through future time,
That all may hail you truly great.

The bright example of your Sire,
Be ever present to your eyes ;

Let all his worth your breast inspire,
And prove the guiding star, where real glory lies.

For now fantastic pleasure smiles,
And decks her form with tempting wiles,
And trims her bark, and hoists the sail,
And bids you trust her fickle gale :

For now the world, with dulcet charms,
Attracts the sight, and lures the mind ;

And Vice seductive opes her arms,
And becks from Virtue's fence, and joys content to
find.

With cautious step those Syrens shun,
Their first allurements dare refuse ;
Pursue the plan so well begun ;—
Retain your principles and views.

The splendid race from which you spring,
Your Friends, your Country, claim your care :
A chaplet to their honour bring,
Wove of every virtue rare.

If martial courage fire your breast,
Lo ! great Churchill points the road ;—
In arms, the hero bold, confess'd—
In clemency, how like a God !

But should you chuse the happier fate
Of him who gains the civic crown,
By peaceful arts who saves a State,
And links the public safety with his own ;
Or should the rural pow'rs contend,
Your heart from active life to bend,
And silence all her splendors spread
Around your consecrated head ;
In either path bright glory's found ;
She views the man—and laughs at empty sound.
And, O ! as years wing on their way,
And circling turn your natal day,

May

May added store of every blifs,
In bright assemblage fill your breast ;
And time unite with happiness,
To sweeten life's protracted feast,
And glad its latest hours with undiminish'd rest.

THE WORLD,
Sept. 4, 1789.

VERSES
SENT TO COMTE ALFIERI,
In return for a Present
OF HIS
TRAGEDIES.

ON fam'd ITALIA's wint'ry plain
The TRAGIC MUSE was heard to sigh :
She pour'd a soul-subduing strain !
No fancy'd sorrows fill'd her eye !

But on the poison'd bowl she cast
A longing look of grief sincere ;
She grasp'd her bleeding dagger fast,
That oft she seem'd inclin'd to rear !

The GENIUS of the NORTHERN POLE
Drove headlong forth the tempest's rage,
To match the fury of her soul
By dreadful sympathy assuage !

Around the gather'd storms descend,
The flak'd snow chills her whiter breast,
Which all tumultuous passions rend,
As thus her plaintive voice exprest—

-
- “ O ITALY ! renown’d of yore,
“ For sons who felt my noblest fire—
“ Say, can’st thou boast such sons no more ?
“ Say, must the heavenly flame expire ?
- “ Curs’d be the hour when SENSE RESIGN’D
“ The sceptre of her proud domain ;
“ When SOUND alone usurp’d the mind,
“ And here began the forceless reign.
- “ In ancient ROME, my well wrought scene
“ Excited virtues, charm’d the brave—
“ My voice sublime, and rigid mien,
“ Abash’d the coward and the slave !
- “ Not SOPHOCLES, th’ Athenian pride,
“ Could higher raise the thrilling woe !
“ Scarce HE, * who late on AVON’s side,
“ Taught stern BRITANNIA’S tear to flow.
- “ But see, o’er all these hills and vales,
“ Where active LEARNING us’d to rove,
“ With dark’ning pinions IGN’RANCE fails,
“ And sadly glooms each classic grove.

* SHAKSPERE.

Ah !

" Ah! what avail your summer skies ?

" Ah! what avail your glories past ?

" Those view NO FEELING BARD arise—

" These, like myself, are sunk at last !

She spoke—and on the banks of Po,

In desolation, threw her down ;

The RIVER GOD, who heard her woe,

Rose from the wave with coral crown—

And on his venerable brow,

Where TIME had mark'd EXPRESSIVE GRACE,

Was wove the Delphic laurel bough,

That half conceal'd his awful face.

" Mourn not (he cry'd) MAJESTIC POWER,

" For, on my banks, a BARD is found,

" Who culls for thee each mystic flower,

" And wakes thy lyre's enchanting sound.

" No TRIVIAL BARD! His lays reveal

" A PATHOS DEEP and WARBLE WILD,

" That bid the starting passions feel !

" MELPOMENE receive thy child."

He

He ceas'd, and vanish'd from her sight,
While the pale muse was charm'd to hear,
That still one GENUINE POET knew
To raise the sadly pleasing tear.

With solemn step she stalk'd along,
And reach'd the tow'ring height of Fame!
She blew the trumpet loud and strong,
That told around ALFIERI's name.

THE WORLD,
Sept. 7, 1789.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM,

At Coffey Hall, Norfolk,

THE SEAT OF

SIR WILLIAM JERNINGHAM, BART.

August 4, 1786.

THOU, to whose sacred page the parting guest
 Confides the workings of his grateful breast,
 With awful pleasure o'er thy form I bend
 My gift to bring—as brother, guest, and friend.
 Farewell, ye shades! (ah! not to fame unknown)
 Where elegance has rear'd her attic throne:
 Whose beauties, to the pure of taste address'd,
 In Nature's charms munificently dress'd,
 Whose soft amenity, with grace combin'd,
 Display the emblem of the master's mind:
 Farewell!—Say, shall I not regret the bow'r
 Where social intercourse endear'd the hour;
 Where she, whose footsteps blest this sylvan seat,
 The pride and mistress of this calm retreat,
 Her soul illum'd with Wisdom's piercing beam,
 Sheds o'er the converse her enlight'ning gleam?
 By native taste, that sure directress, led,
 She stores her talents at the fountain head.

So

So the bright Sun-flow'r, on the cultur'd plain,
 Aspires impatient o'er her sister train,
 Unfolds her bosom at the dawn of day,
 To catch the radiance of the solar ray.

Ye scenes o'er which I cast a ling'ring view,
 O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,
 That hour I now recal with pleasing pain,
 Which gave your beauties to my wish again :
 Yet then, as I approach'd your smiling shore,
 Prompt expectation gladly flew before :
 Wing'd with gay hope, as nearer still I drew,
 Hills, plains, and woods assum'd a brighter hue :
 Soft-wreath'd in lilac vestment, laughing May
 With hailing aspect met me on the way :
 The various vale with eager steps I press'd,
 Praise on my tongue, and transport in my breast :
 O'er each lov'd spot I sent a fond survey,
 Where in the morn of life I went to stray ;
 The winding walks by memory endear'd,
 Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd,
 Embow'ring shades, in whose deep gloom immers'd,
 Reflection fed me, and the Muses nurs'd ;
 And, screening from my view Ambition's sky,
 Pour'd other visions on my raptur'd eye.

Yet

Yet, ALBUM, ere the willing task I leave,
 Warm from the heart these closing lines receive.
 'Twas at the hour to contemplation due,
 When evening meekly from the World withdrew,
 Beneath an aged Oak, in pensive mood,
 I Sorrow's solitary captive stood;
 When, from the rifted Trunk's obscure recess,
 A voice breath'd forth in accents of distress;
 "Where! where is she! of mild and rev'rend mien,
 "Once the lov'd mistress of this sylvan scene?"
 "Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n"—a distant voice re-
 plied:
 The branches shook, as if to sense allied;
 Wild Terror flung his strong enchantment round,
 And Evening hurried into Night profound!

Now fond remembrance turns a willing sight,
 To dwell on gayer scenes of past delight,
 Pleas'd to behold her, midst the polish'd train,
 With grace, with dignity, her part sustain.
 To mild festivity by nature prone,
 With inbred wit peculiarly her own,
 Prompt ev'ry sportive incident to seize,
 Diffusing pleasure with a careless ease;
 Of pow'r to charm invincibly possess'd,
 Unfelt she glided into every breast.

There

There are, who, fram'd with an enlighten'd taste,
 High on the critic form by judgement plac'd,
 Who (marking well her sense with strength combin'd,
 The scintillations of her playful mind,
 An aptitude that never lost its aim)
 With brilliant Sevigné inwreath her name.

To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,
 Her cheerfulness maintain'd its envy'd throne :
 The gay, the old, the learned, and the young,
 And they whose Heart pure elegance had strung,
 By the soft power of her enchantment won,
 Would oft the glare of throng'd assemblies shun,
 To court her ready wit's enliv'ning beam,
 And bask beneath its undulating gleam.

Yet oft from these unnotic'd would she steal,
 To soothe the bed-rid stretch'd on Torture's wheel,
 To smoothe the furrow on Misfortune's brow,
 To warm the timid and exalt the low,
 With lenient hand administer relief,
 And close the bleeding artery of grief.

Ah, ever dear! ah, venerable shade!
 Indulge this honour by Affection paid.
 Enthron'd in bliss, ah! yet forbear to shun
 This holy tribute from a zealous son.

'Twas mine, attendant on thy Evening ray,
 To watch the Sun-set of thy blameless Day;
 To see thee, weary of th' unequal strife,
 Shed the faint glimm'rings of exhausted life,
 And (Heavenly Moralist, sublimely great !
 At the dread opening of thy future state,)
 Teach by example, to thy latest breath,
 Meekness in pain, and fortitude in death.

THE WORLD,
 Sept. 12, 1789.

PATRIOTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

I'M an ORATOR—going *Down-bill*,
 My Lungs are grown husky of late ;
 My Tongue, tho' it cannot *lie still*,
 Has, alas ! not much longer to *prate*.

My Memory, *loose as a sieve*,
 Is daily exhausting its store ;
 My invention has nothing to give,
 But the——*Truths* it has given *before*.

To my Speech, for prolixity known,
 No longer the *Members* incline ;
 One half have forgot how I *spoke*—
 One half never knew me to *shine*.

From the day when my labours began,
 To the hour that now sees me decay,
 Opposition has been my sole plan,
 Throwing *rubs* in the *Minister's way*.

I new-modell'd a Proverb, when young,
And from thence drew my practical rules—
For said I, "*Whate'er is must be WRONG,*"
That 'tis RIGHT—none can fancy but Fools.

This oracular maxim I deem'd
A sure *passport* to *credit* and *pay*;
And the Senate, exclusively seem'd
The true field for the fullest display.

So the *Senate* I chose for my walk,
And forsook *Bar* and *Pulpit* untry'd—
'Twas the *bent* of my *Genius*—to talk—
And *objection* prompt matter supply'd.

When a *Patriot* his *Rhet'ric* prepares,
Some *Rival* in *power* to *scout*,
The TAP'STRY of PUBLIC AFFAIRS
He adroitly presents INSIDE-OUT.

Tho' its *pattern* be *splendid* and *rich*,
'Tis the *knots*, *tags*, and *flocks* he *assaults*;
Faults make the *best* figure in *Speech*,
And, of course, I saw nothing *but* faults.

For

For ten years together at least,
Poor NORTH did I harrafs and goad ;
I call'd him WRETCH, ROBBER, and BEAST—
I detested him—*worse* than a *Toad*.

'Twas my pride all his plans to perplex,
All his errors with treach'ry to tax ;
To magnify all his defects,
And to threaten his head with an Axe.

But to Party, conviction must bend,
And opinions shift round with the tide—
NORTH, now is my very dear Friend,
And we *fulminate*, both on a *side*.

For I heard a sweet little Tomtit
Sing one day at my Beaconsfield box,
“ That NORTH was an *Angel* to PITT,
“ And THURLOW an *Idiot* to FOX.”

How should PITT come by knowledge or worth ?
What's the skill that *Prosperity* shows ?
Disappointment's the merit of NORTH,
And *his* fame from calamity flows.

But whatever the praise he may boast,
I submit not to judge with the throng :
His *ingratitude* pleases *me* most,
To the *Master*, who fed me so long.

'Tis *Philosophy*, GREATNESS of *mind*,
From the *shackles* of *prejudice* free ;
'Tis my own just contempt of mankind—
LORD V**Y can witness for me.

The man, who my *Bond* would enforce,
Which his *kindness* forbore till too late,
Put an end to my friendship of course—
Yet did not assist his estate.

Could he think me so *weak* as to *pay*
What the Law could no longer *compel* ?
Need I care what HIS *Creditors* say ?
—I know my OWN *int'rest* too well.

And *retiring*, unconscious of shame,
To the *Villa* I bought with *his* loan ;
With the *Statute* I *cancel* his *claim*,
And feel it securely my own.

I ob-

I observ'd, in a fit of despair,
The *Treasures*, by *Placemen* posselt;
And the *profits*—I hop'd not to *share*,
I concluded, were better *suppress*.

It would add to my credit, I thought,
To pull a *fat Paymaster down*:
CHARLES FOX, 'twould not injure a groat:
And RIGBY was firm to the Crown.

Four Thousand a year in his place,
Was no more than a *drop to the Sea*;
COMPARISON *alters the CASE*—
'Twere the *wealth of both INDIES to me*.

I've a Cousin—"God help him,"—abroad,
Where the SUN *burns him up to a COAL*;
Where, by *system*, rogues rob and defraud—
Where a Governor *ranfacks the whole*.—

'Twas not fit a Reform *too severe*
Should my own *precious relatives* squeeze:
So while *cutting off RIGBY's gains here*,
I procur'd an *addition to HIS*.

DOCTOR LEACH *my* fine speeches cajol'd,
By whose aid he found means to set fail:
Whom we promis'd whole *mountains of Gold*,
In return for his *Bond* and his *Bail*.

But WILL, by this credit equipt,
A plentiful fortune has won;
And the *Bond*—his remembrance has slipt,
As it ought—now his bus'ness is done.

When NORTH was kick'd out, 'twas *my* fate
To *step* into the PAYMASTER's *shoes*;
"Good Lord!" how I wept, when *too late*,
To have stripp'd the *poor Post* of its *dues*.

But my grief was consol'd in a trice,
By a couple of rascals in grain;
And I yielded to POWELL's advice,
Join'd with BEMBRIDGE's *Leger-de-main*.

They but ask me the Commons to check,
If suspicion should glance at their names:
I suppos'd the whole House at our beck,
So acceded with ease to their claims.

But,

But, alas! my *presumption* was *rash*,
That our Party all search could out-vote ;
So BEMBRIDGE, "good soul, *lost* his *cash*,
And P——L, *my Friend*, cut his throat.

To the HOUSE tho' I call'd him, *my Guide*,
Through the *Quicksands* of Office to *steer* ;
To his JURY—the *whole* I *denied*,
And *swore* he'd been *mad* for a *year*.

I engag'd long ago in a scheme
To pocket Five Hundred per cent :
The *salvation* of INDIA my theme,
A *round sum* for *myself* the intent.

But the *venture* prov'd *woefully cross*,
And a *heavy sad balance* accru'd—
Honest SULLIVAN paid up *his loss*—
Mine stands, as it ever has stood.

In vain, each SABBATICAL YEAR,
My LEAN CREDITORS *urge* their *demand* ;
As a *Member*, I've nothing to fear—
I'm SECURE by the *LAW* of the *LAND*.

But

But e'er since, I've ne'er fail'd of a *knock*
At the *Company's gains*, where I might :
And I'd *starve* 'em, aye, *bankrupt* their *Stock*,
Had I means to effect it, to-night.

Erst the KING was for ever in *debt*,
Tho' his *Civil List* mounted so *high* :
No wonder—e'er *hungry*, he *ate*,
And *drank*—long before he was *dry*.

These profligate courses to stop,
I may vaunt, all the glory was mine ;
'Twas *my Bill* made him *dine* on a *chop*,
And *set* a due *flint* to his *wine*.

Yet to *feelings* of *LOYALTY* prone,
I still greet him a Courtier complete ;
Tho' I'd *hurl* him to-day from his *THRONE*,
I to-morrow can *kneel* at his *feet*.

But ill luck all my measures attends,
On my side Fortune never was warm ;
In spite of my *PARTY*—my *FRIENDS*—
My *MERIT*, my *TOILS*, my *REFORM*.

For

For *the Thousand* in BROCKLESBY'S will,
Which his *vanity*, LIVING, has paid,
If it bring no more *grist* to the *mill*,
Is unworthy the fufs it has made.

Yet th' *example*, perhaps, may *gain ground*,
And thus give my *Friend's bounty a lift* :
Then SIR JOSHUA'S purse may compound,
From the meanness of BROCKLESBY'S gift.

But I guess what he meant well enough,
By this pompous display of esteem—
To atone for the stinging rebuff
Which he knows I attribute to him.

When JOHN HUNTER forbade us his door,
As we went his *Museum* to view ;
On my saying I'd call there no more—
John replied, "*The more loss, Sir, to you.*"

To be sure, by a *slight* of my *own*,
I have furnish'd my *Brother* with *bread* ;
And brought him in triumph to town—
Where he long had not ventur'd his head ;

By

By a *sinecure* worthy his skill
And knowledge profound in the *Laws*,
'Twas the *Office* of *Council* to fill
In a *Suit*—where I *manage* the *Cause*.

He wore the *Tye-wig*—*shew'd* his face;
I *pleaded* and *pleaded* and *pleaded*;
All our hopes were to *spin* out the *Case*—
And, for *once*, in *my* *life*, I *succeeded*.

If we gain but *five* *years* more delay,
On *surveying* his *Creditors* round,
We compute at *Ten* *Guineas* a *day*,
He'll discharge—*Half* a *Crown* in the *Pound*.

Some base *Cavillers* hint in the dark,
That I share in *DICK's* fees for advice;
But I spurn at the silly remark—
All the world knows my feeling's too nice.

All the world knows my grief and despair
On the *Commons'* late censuring vote,
For mere *Peccadillo*, I swear,
And meant too *their* ends to promote.

Tho'

Tho' my Friends muster'd strong on my side,
The next House of its wrath to cajole,
Tho' expedients of *all sorts* we try'd,
By *Epistle*, as well as *Parole*——

Still I feel my *mind's frame* out of joint;
Still I shudder whene'er I look back;
For I could but just carry my point,
To persist in the weary attack.

Thus, betwixt apprehension and hope,
Must my dregs of life bitterly flow——
If the Commons allow me but scope,
I've at least one sure string to my bow.

Yet, alas! there's no other event
(And the *Sun* of my *Fame* is near *set*,)
For the *noon-tide* of *TALENTS* mis-*present*,
But an *Ev'ning* of *cheerless* regret.

O D E

T O

I N D O L E N C E .

OH, PEACE! to yonder tumult rude,
 That bursts upon my solitude!
 And mingles with the storm afar
 The frantic ravings of despair!
 While, through the dreary deep of air,
 Thy fatal voice is heard, O BLOOD- AIN'D WAR!
 Yes, now the passions wildly rage!
 And sadly gloom the human scene!
 Forgotten all the POET's page,
 His penfive joys, his hours serene!
 O, hence! ye fury passions, hence!
 But welcome to my longing arms,
 Array'd in all thy sober charms,
 MILD, TRANQUIL INDOLENCE—
 For much I love to view thy melting eye,
 Thy wanton tresses careless fly,
 The zoneless breast, the open grace,
 The vagrant undetermin'd pace,
 The aspect bland, the form benign,
 The winning air, and smile divine!

Amid

Amid the silent NOON OF NIGHT,
When sailing on, in lustre bright,
O'er pathless wilds and mountains drear,
The pale moon throws her silver ray,
Guiding the PILGRIM's lonely way,
To where the CONVENT's distant spires appear ;
O, then THOU lov'st, at ease reclin'd,
With CONTEMPLATION by thy side—
Where gently steals the whisp'ring wind,
And soft the ling'ring waters glide :
To THINK, alas! how short, how vain,
The rich man's boast, the poor man's woe!
What MADNESS to EXULT below !
What FOLLY to COMPLAIN !
See HOPE's GAY ALTARS by fresh vot'ries dress'd!
The SWARM of YESTERDAY at rest!
Those BUDDING FLOW'RS their seasons gave,
Have prov'd the BLOSSOMS of the GRAVE!
And DEATH, alike, shall soon efface
The GLORIES of the PRESENT RACE!

O, GODDESS! wave thy lily hand,
That meekly bears the magic wand,
To soothe the mental storm to rest ;
And now life's drops unruffled flow,
Nor burn with rage, nor chill with woe,
But all is sweet and tranquil in the breast.

Nought

Nought now the placid soul can move,
Save PITY comes, with tearful eye,
Or the fixt gaze of FEELING LOVE!
Or gentle MERCY's heartfelt sigh!
Yet these will not disturb thy cell,
For ECHO's dirge-like notes, and clear,
Shall oft inform thy list'ning ear—
With these the VIRTUES dwell.
And see the fleecy clouds transparent fly,
Leaving serene the summer's sky!
And see grey ev'ning's gloom appears,
While Nature melts in dewy tears!
O, hither come, and bring with thee
The rural nymph SIMPLICITY!

Where ARNO's waves uncertain flow,
Where rapid rolls the brighter Po,
Oft have I view'd thee, GODDESS DEAR!
To bless with ease my future days,
From censure far, or noisy praise.
O, may thy clarion, FAME, sublime to hear,
Be ever to my senses mute!
'Tis true, the thrilling notes are strong,
Yet cannot charm like PITY's lute,
Nor PHILOMELA's plaintive song!

Beneath his courser's boundings fleet,
The LAUREL'D HERO, as he goes,
TRAMPLES, unseen, full MANY A ROSE,
Nor heeds the perfume sweet—
But thou, INDULGENT POWER, can'st point the way
Where all the Milder PLEASURES stray—
The Upland lawns, the shadowy vales,
Cool, lucid streams, and tepid gales ;
And where the feather'd choir around
Wanton amid the WILDS of SOUND.

Each HAUGHTY TYRANT scorns to tread
Thy simple path, with flow'rs bespread ;
He, too, whose SORDID SOUL requires
Still to increase his daily heap ;
Who leaves th' UNFRIENDED RACE to weep,
Base, wretched victim to his own desires !
Alas ! his bosom ne'er shall feel
The bliss thy radiant smiles bestow,
When soft thy luring slumbers steal,
And charm away the sense of woe !
But BRIGHT CONTENT shall thee be near !
And oft, to catch the breeze, unfold
Her waving locks of downy gold,
And chase the rising tear !
There GLOWING GENIUS shall in RAPTURE muse,
And round his holy rays diffuse ;

With COMPREHENSIVE THOUGHT shall scan
The WINDINGS in the MAZE of MAN!
And thus, with thee my limbs reclin'd,
Far from the World shall SOAR MY MIND.

THE WORLD,
Sept. 24, 1789.

THE POET
OF THE
GROVE.

O SLEEP, my helpless infant, sleep!
Thy cries distract my wounded heart;
For O! too long to watch and weep
Has been thy wretched mother's part.

When first thy FATHER's well-feign'd love
Had learn'd my yielding breast to move,
He look'd amid each faithless vow—
He *look'd* as innocent as THOU:
I thought he ne'er could prove unkind—
But men are false, and vows are wind.

O sleep! &c. &c.

Oft when awake, thy beauteous smile
Can the long tedious hour beguile;
And such, to win my youthful heart,
Was once thy treacherous father's art!
The fatal tale I need not tell,
He knew, and us'd his power—too well.

Sleep then! &c. &c.

Expos'd to shame—expos'd to scorn,
 He leaves Me wretched and forlorn—
 How truly once I lov'd his name,
 Witness, ye powers! who knew the flame—
 Oft as *that name* I now repeat,
 My heart yet feels its wonted heat.

O sleep! &c.

Yes—in thy infant form I trace
 Thy FATHER's *looks*—thy FATHER's *grace*!
 Thy voice shall breathe his melting tone,
 His manly strength shall be thy own—
 Each charm shall one day grace my son—
 But never act as he has done

O sleep! &c.

With playful smile, and heedless eye,
 Thou see'st me weep, and hear'st me sigh;
 And long may'st thou, my child, remain
 Unconscious of thy mother's pain!—
 FORGETFULNESS *from those we love*,
 Is the last pang the heart can prove.

O sleep! &c.

Forlorn, abandon'd, and distressed—
 What flattering hope can soothe this breast?—

Can

Can SHE—thy father gave to grief—
Beg from a stranger's hand—relief?—
Ah! no—the evils I endure,
Thy tenderness alone can cure.

O sleep! &c.

Then be it so!—my child shall join
His wants, his sighs, his tears to mine;
Ill-fated victims, will we rove,
To faithless vows and slighted love!
MY cares thy youth shall long engage,
And thou shalt soothe my sinking age.

O sleep, my helpless infant, sleep!
Thy cries distract my wounded heart;
For O! too long to watch and weep
Has been thy wretched mother's part.

THE WORLD,
Sept. 25, 1789.

O D E

T O

W I N T E R.

R. Murray

O, WELCOME to my Soul, congenial power!
 ROUGH WINTER, hail! I love thy hoary locks;
 Thy tempest breathing sighs!
 The deluge of thy tears!

The Forest shrinks beneath thine iron rod,
 And the sad Herds a faithless shelter seek;
 Where the time-moulder'd Tow'r
 Hangs tott'ring o'er the plain!

They raise their wistful eyes; that seem t'upbraid
 The ruthless season: while the Raven cries
 From solitary tree,
 With hoarse and mournful note!

High FIESOLE of the bright mantle spoil'd
 That once he wore, with FLORA's braid adorn'd,
 In many a low'ring cloud
 Enwraps his fullen breast.

Nor

Nor longer ARNO winds a stealing course
Thro' laughing meads, but on swift eddies borne,
His rude discordant tide
Rolls to the midland deep !

This is my fav'rite hour of blifs, severe !
To me more grateful than the gaudy time,
When vocal Spring awakes
Her gaily painted flowers !

Than when red SUMMER glares with sultry gaze
On the parch'd Hills ; or fallow autumn throws
His golden Treasure round,
And drains the purple Vine.

Amidst the dreary Appenines I hear
The tumbling Rocks increase, the Torrents roar,
And the wide ranging Wolf
Howl on the Mountain's side.

While ECHO, starting from her icy bed,
Mimics the uproar wild, and FANCY comes,
In pilgrim Robe array'd,
And waves her magic Wand !

Lo! at her call the FAIRY VISIONS rise,
That calm the sense of woe—Remembrance brings
The MIRROR of the PAST!
And SOBER REASON REIGNS!

Where are the jocund hours of wanton mirth
That late beguil'd my Youth? where are the FRIENDS
That join'd the choral lay
When life's fair morn began?

Perchance they chace the fleeting pleasures still,
Nor cast one thought on him who listens here
To the wild storm, and woos
Grim Midnight to his arms!

Then, welcome to my Soul, congenial power
ROUGH WINTER, hail! I love thy hoary locks;
Thy tempest breathing sighs!
The deluge of thy tears!

THE WORLD,
Sept. 26, 1789.

AUNT BRIDGET

TO HER

NEPHEW SIMON in WALES.

DEAR SIMON, last night thro' the City was spread
A report, that the Orator EDMUND was dead;
It seems that some cutting satyrical jokes
Were meant for JOHN STILES, or his Relative
NOKES.

In the WORLD of last Tuesday, which BURKE from
a whim,

Or conscience, supposed were directed at him—
Giving way to the Vapours, and sorrowful thinking,
Five days he neglected his eating and drinking;
And growing diurnally thinner and thinner,
'Twas concluded that Death was in want of a Dinner:
And thence the ill-founded report I suppose,
Of his being in ABRAHAM'S Bosom arose.—
When I first heard the news, I am free to confess,
It fill'd my shock'd Soul with the deepest distress;
The prospect of being the Orator's Second,
Upon which SIM and I have so frequently reckon'd,
Disappear'd in a moment—but now, my dear Boy,
The pleasing idea once more I enjoy;

BURKE

BURKE lives, and no longer gives way to dejections,
From the late *Patriotic and sad Recollections*.
And whilst my fond Soul in the prospect rejoices,
Let my Nephews and Nieces all clear up their voices,
And sing to the Harp the New Song which I send,
In praise of Impeachment—its Brother and Friend.

IMPEACHMENT.

A

NEW SONG,

To the Tune of "A Noble Race was Shenkin."

COME listen, ye jovial Topers,
You shall hear Impeachment's wonders;
BURKE's foaming froth, and ADAM's wrath,
And FOX's sputt'ring thunders.

Im-

Impeachment is all the fashion,
The game all Patriots drive at ;
To make us sport in open Court——
And, at least, as much in private.

Impeachment's a Royal Science,
And BURKE *Professor Regius*;
Of the very first class for Brogue and Brags,
Speech-Doctor most egregious.

Impeachment's Bard is SIMKIN,
Sworn Managerial Puffer ;
Alert to trim their Lights when dim,
The Trial's Candle-snuffer.

Like a line of Cackling Goslings,
Who after an old Goose paddle,
Close at EDMUND's Bum the Managers come,
Some strut, some walk, some waddle.

First CHARLEY, the hope and glory
Of Publicans and Sinners ;
When Shopmen feast, from Tax releas'd,
With greasy City Dinners.

At

At his heels follows fast a Champion,
Whose Friends may rue his vigour;
Tho' now in one mind, in one cause join'd,
CHARLES has felt he can pull a Trigger.

Then a fiery Oxford Scholar,
With no mean erudition;
Of reas'ning full, yet never cool,
A passionate Logician.

Next he, in whose young entrails
Smart SIMKIN raised compunction;
And made him quit, by force of wit,
The Bottle-holding function.

After him that sage Equestrian,
Who to prove his heart not callous,
Wept, whin'd, deplor'd, sobb'd, figh'd, and roar'd,
For a Scoundrel choak'd on the Gallows.

Then another fierce Cavalier
Comes straddling a-crofs the Benches,
With a vulgar face, and coat all lace,
To captivate the Wenches.

Next

Next the long, leaden, lank, lean visage
Of that pride of Scottish gentry,
Who a tale begun, when all seem'd done,
That would only last a Cent'ry.

But who's that old mumping Satyr,
With a pair of dead eyes in his vast head ?
Thinks he these Mouth-quarrels will plant fresh lau-
rels
For those Saratoga blasted ?

The remnant of the rubbish
We omit, for who can tell 'em ?
Meer make-weight-chaps to stop up gaps,
N****, T*****, L***, and P*****.

Meer soft good-natur'd creatures,
Just call'd to pass in muster ;
For mouths they've got, yet utter not,
And tongues that never bluster.

Oh,—what a sublime collection !
Some prone to spout loquacious ;
Some, when there's need, start up to read—
Some only look sagacious.

But

But of Orator's past and present,
None e'er like BURKE was clever ;
Be it right, be it wrong, he'll talk all day long,
And at night be as fresh as ever.—

When the Court wearied out with quibbles,
For fact and proof is pressing ;
BURKE, firm as a Rock, sustains the shock,
And gives the PEERS a dressing.

With a flea in each ear, their Lordships
Adjourn, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow,
And in fierce debate stay out too late,
So return not till the morrow.

These delays breed drink and vittle,
To keep BROTHER DICK from starving ;
Ten pounds a day—and nought to pay——
Rare meat of EDMUND's carving !

BURKE penn'd a verbose epistle,
Which set all the COMMONS snoring :—
Saying the time was come to strike HASTINGS dumb,
With the Gospels of one Saint GORING.

But

But the Gospels and *Russian Apostle*
Were scorn'd by the PEERS, and strangely hift;
And Jesuit BURKE was deem'd a Turk,
Who relied on a false Evangelist.

Then he rail'd against *Munny Bhagum*—
“As an Old Whore past enjoyment;
“Who thought no sin to retail Gin,
“To make up for lost employment.

“This same hag was keen as a razor,
“In spite of her Indian Jargon;
“For three Lacks down she hir'd a crown,
“And got a Nabob in the bargain.”—

No marvel EDMUND thunder'd
At this wicked job's contriver;
For HASTINGS sole touch'd all the cole—
And BURKE got never a stiver.

Nay, in spite of all GORING's blust' rings,
NUNCOMAR's and GOURDASS's perjury,
The wrinkled old witch would never peach,
And call'd the whole tale a forgery.—

But

But which of them lies or true is,
With EDMUND is ne'er the question :
He rejects or admits by the state of his wits,
And follows the Moon's suggestion.

So here's Heav'n blefs Impeachment !
May it last *ad infinitum* !
God fend Nabobs with more fuch jobs—
And raife up BURKES to fmite 'em !

THE WORLD,
Oct. 2, 1789.

ODE
ON
SUMMER.

R. Murray

Joy to thee, bright hair'd SUMMER! much I love
To gaze upon thy full blown beauty's pride,
As thro' Val d'Arno's gloom
I take my lonely way.

What time dun-vested NIGHT her deep repose
Reluctant leaves, chas'd by the jocund dawn,
And incoherent song
Of wild PAN's restless reed.

Now the fierce Sun uprears his flaming shield,
And mounts in martial pomp his Eastern Car!
Forests and tow'ring hills
Start from the golden blaze!

While streams of yore renown'd with clear blue wave,
Reflect his orient locks, and far away
Fair but inconstant SPRING,
Gathers her sweets and flies!

I see thee triumph o'er th' inactive plain,
When ruddy NOON obeys thy sultry pow'r,
And stretch'd in thoughtless ease
The toil-worn peasant lies.

'Tis then I seek the thick wall'd Cloister's shade,
And from some nook observe the languid flocks;
Or, by the gray fly stung,
The bounding heifer's rage.

Or hear the light CICALA's ceaseless din,
That vibrates shrill; or the near weeping brook
That feebly winds along,
And mourns her channel shrunk.

As the proud day retires, the western hills
Adorn their varied ridge with shad'wy forms;
While fresh'ning Zephyr comes
To fan the cheek of Eve;

And to the wand'ring virgin of the sky,
As thro' the azure vault supreme she fails,
Scatters her silv'ry beam,
And points the Horizon's bound.

While

While warbled measures fill the panting gale,
The LUCIOLA, beside each dark'ning grove,
His momentary lamp
Alternate shows and hides.

Or leads the lovers to some secret bow'r,
And flits around, and darts his mimic ray
Upon the maiden's breast,
And lights th' adoring eye.

O, VAGRANT INSECT! TYPE OF OUR SHORT LIFE,
'Tis thus WE shine and vanish from the view;
For the cold season comes,
And all *our* lustre 's o'er!

Yet stay awhile, SWEET SUMMER! nor too soon
Avert thy blushing face, but cheer the kind
With gifts, that PLENTY POURS
From her REDUNDANT HORN.

THE WORLD,
Oct. 3, 1789.

H Y M N
T O
D E A T H.

“ L’homme destiné au travail, à la peine, & à la douleur,
“ console-toi, car tu es mortel.”

O, MAN! by Fate condemn’d to know
Sad toil, and bitter want, and woe—
CONSOLE THYSELF that THOU SHALT DIE;
The morning wakes thee but to grieve—
Thy listless limbs recline at eve,
Fatigu’d with life’s oppressive round!
CONSOLE THYSELF—for DEATH IS NIGH;
And SWEET REPOSE is in his bosom found!

OBSERVE, upon the tumbling furge,
Yon LITTLE BARK the tempests urge;
At length attains the peaceful bay,
Secure from winds and stormy tides,
Safe in the tranquil port it rides—
Where rocks arise—where whirlwinds rave!
LIFE is, alas! that troubled sea,
The HARBOUR where they ne’er approach—the
GRAVE!

Be-

Behold, the MOTHER's anxious love
Requires her LITTLE CHILD to prove,
Left to himself, his idle pow'r—
With step unsure, with vain alarms,
Feeble he runs, with out-stretch'd arms
Leaps on her neck, with panting breath,
And feels his weakness now no more—
That INFANT's MAN!—His tender parent—DEATH!

HE, that could first Creation give,
Sends forth a breath, and lo! WE LIVE!
When he RECALLS THAT BREATH, WE DIE.
What wonder, if 'tis swiftly past
Within our breast?—Like yonder blast
That shakes the foliage of the Grove!
Wonders the quivering foliage why
It cannot fix the wind, that loves to rove?

Haft thou not often found to go
TIME ling'ring on, and much too SLOW?
Because, 'tis TIME that brings us DEATH!
DEATH is the Goal, where NATURE TENDS,
Of life impatient, where she ends!
Why wishes man to-morrow come?
It is because TO-DAY WE BREATHE,
And that TO-MORROW BRINGS US TO THE
TOMB!

And AGE, that cruelly destroys
Each social bliss the soul enjoys;
WEAKNESS and PAIN, and ERROR too,
SWEET SLEEP, that charms our woes to Peace,
(Forgotten, with ourselves they cease)
Ennui, to which this life's a slave,
All, All, combining, seem to woo,
Habituate, and LEAD US TO THE GRAVE.

And who would bear perpetual spleen,
Left DREADFUL had the EXIT been;
'Tis NATURE *bids the fear arise*,
That we may not too quickly leave
This scene, where all are doom'd to grieve!
On utmost life's dread boundary shows
An AWFUL GULF to mortal eyes,
LEST, BY DESERTION, WE SHOULD FLY OUR
WOES?

THE WORLD,
Oct. 10, 1789.

LINES

BY

Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

ON RECEIVING THE PRESENT OF A
SWORD KNOT

From a Lady.

No laurel wreath by victory twin'd,
The Hero's conquering Sword to bind,
Has half the power to charm the heart,
Which your fair hands to silk impart !

This BAND, dear Maid, records no pain
That plunder'd realms by war sustain :
This, in my Breast, must still renew,
Some peaceful, pleasing, thought of you—
Of gentle virtues, soft and kind—
That bless—that ne'er destroy mankind.

To you, could Fate and Love agree,
My GIFT the same in kind should be :
Then should *my* SKILL be try'd to twine
A KNOT, to bind your HEART to mine !

SIMKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

SINCE the day that I animadverted on P—R,
 That bright theologo-political Star,
 No subject for writing has fall'n in my way ;
 So I rested—because I had nothing to say.
 But now, *my dear Boy*, by the blessing of Fate,
 I have got an occurrence or two to relate.
 You must know thro' the City a rumour was spread,
 That the Parliament soon wou'd be legally dead ;
 The WHIGS, hearing this, in a state of dejection,
 Assembled to settle th' ensuing Election ;
 And whilst they were stating and solving their doubts,
 As to who'll be the IN's, and who must be the OUT's,
 The veteran Orator was not forgot—
 That is—whether BURKE be re-chosen or not ?

Then JOSEPH rose, and thus a speech began :
 “ We've had sufficient of this prating man ;
 “ The justly hated name of EDMUND draws
 “ A gen'ral odium on the fairest cause.

“ The

“ The Nation once, by pompous sound misled,
“ Implicitly believ’d whate’er he said,
“ And thought his *heart* much better than his *head*.
“ But now the WORLD his head and heart attack,
“ And say the one is *weak*—the other *black*;
“ With all his actions men are now acquainted,
“ His private character is also tainted,
“ St. Omar’s Jesuit is at length unfainted :
“ His friend, the MARQUIS, long before he dy’d,
“ Repentant, cut the knot, his blindness ty’d :
“ LORD V——Y too, found reason to regret
“ That *patience* which illégalyzes DEBT ;
“ His *pious zeal* against a great NABOB,
“ Is now consider’d as a pilf’ring JOB ;
“ A dish of gravy-meat of EDMUND’s carving,
“ To feast himself, and keep poor DICK from starving,
“ His foolish triumph, shamefully exprest,
“ Resentment kindled in each royal breast ;
“ The cause, the sole detested cause, was he,
“ That we were lately burnt in effigy :
“ In detestation, we have long been held,
“ And must remain, ’till EDMUND is expell’d.
“ The sicken’d Senators, when EDMUND prates,
“ Some stay to his, while others quit their seats.
“ From him a stream of pompous nonsense flows,
“ And *serves* the cause he labours to *oppose* :

“ His

“ That the name of St. EDMUND’s sufficient to tar-

“ nish

“ All the *colours* of FOX, and all SURFACE’s *varnish*:

“ Notwithstanding all this, I’m unwilling to scout

“ him,

“ Because we may probably fare worse without him;

“ ’Tis prudent to sacrifice *wrinkle-born’d Rams*,

“ To save from the *Altar* sweet *innocent Lambs*.

“ Should BURKE be discarded, as MONTAGUE noted,

“ Some victim or other must soon be devoted;

“ The well-meaning CHARLES, or the innocent JOE,

“ Must feel the sharp lash of some libellous foe;

“ The writer of news must have food for his pen,

“ To raise entertainment for scandalous men :

“ The follies of BURKE are so many and glaring,

“ His actions so wild, and his Speeches so daring,

“ As to yield constant matter for wonder and sta-

“ ring.”

Here CHARLEY, whose words are more weighty
than lead,

Observ’d, on both sides a great deal might be said;

That he had not as yet fully made up his mind,

If to *help him along*, or to *leave him behind*.

Here this Letter ends, but whenever these men

Shall agree on this point, I will write you again;

In

In the mean time, I fear, if BURKE is not re-chosen,
My *Pen* will be *pointless*, my *Ink* will be *frozen*.

THE WORLD,
Oct. 20, 1789.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
T E M P E S T.

Written by the Right Hon. Lieut. Gen. BURGOYNE;

And Spoken by MISS FARREN.

STAY!—let the magic scene remain awhile;
We have not done with the enchanted isle—
Enchantment rests on *your* benignant smile. }
Ladies, I come, by Prospero's command,
And vested with this fragment of his wand;
To help *your* searches for that two-legg'd creature,
Which late Dorinda felt the *search* of nature.

With all her peeping *two* alone were found,
And even those were on forbidden ground:
Here, where we range at large, do they abound? }

Arm'd with this pow'r we'll scrutinize the kind;
It is not form which makes the man, but mind.
Then even here perhaps the dearth prevails;
We may lack men, though over-run with males.

First,

First, for the middle class, where 'tis confess,
Of manly life we're apt to find the best.
Yet John sometimes his shape and sex degrades,
And stoops to rob his sisters of their trades.
Six feet in height, with finews of an ox,
Shoulders to carry coals, and fists to box,—
Behold—O shame!—a thing of whip and hem—
A *He-Miss* Millener—"Your orders, Me'm?—
"Rouge, lip-salve, chicken gloves, perfumery,
"Hair cushions, gauzes, *buffles*?—He! he! he!"—

Turn we from him to breed of higher bearing,
Still Falstaff's men, all radish and cheese-paring!—
Oh! could he sketch some figures that one sees—
Tied up with strings at shoes and strings at knees!—
So thick the neck-cloth, and the neck so thin!
He'd swear they bore a poultice for the chin:—
And lest the cold the adjacent ears should harm,
See half a foot of cape to keep 'em warm;
While the stiff edge, for better purpose made,
Rubs off the whiskers it was form'd to shade,
With eyes of fire that vie with snuffs in sockets,
And hands distress'd for want of waistcoat pockets:
The crutch of levity directs their gait;
And wanghee bends beneath their wangling weight.

But

But now, to shift the scene from men bewitch'd,
To one with Briton's genuine fons enrich'd ;
In laws, in arms, their country's strength and pride,
And chosen patterns for the world beside.
High o'er the croud, inform'd with patriot fire,
Pure as the virtues that endear his fire !
See one who leads—as mutual trials prove—
A band of brothers to a people's love :
One, who on station scorns to found controul,
But gains pre-eminence by worth of soul.
These are the honours that on reason's plan,
Adorn the Prince, and vindicate the man.
While gayer passions, warm'd of nature's breast,
Play o'er his youth—the feathers of his crest.

THE WORLD,
Oct. 28, 1789.

A
BENGAL SONG.

TUNE,—“ O say, Bonny Lafs.”

AH! why NUNDOLAAL, thus seduce a coy creature,
From kindred—from friends—and then cruelly treat
her?

I cannot conceive, Love, you meant to deceive me,
But why, pr’ythee why in distress do you leave me?

By the waves of dishonour my boat’s overtaken,
By you it was launch’d, and by you ’tis forsaken;
Ah! why hast thou done this? my Love hadst thou
cherish’d,
The helm had remain’d—nor my good name have per-
ish’d.

But you, cruel Ingrate! my virtue pursuing,
In that fatal moment accomplish’d my ruin;
Relying upon thee—too confident notion!
My all, in an instant, was sunk in the ocean.

E’en

E'en then, while enslav'd by affliction and sorrow,
You flatter'd my hopes with the phantom to-morrow;
Under fairest pretences continu'd to grieve me—
As long as I live—I will think on't, believe me.

Lâlchandra Lâg sings—O, unfortunate beauty!
Lament not in vain—tho' estrang'd from thy duty;
'Tis pity—O, fair one!—thou didst not discover,
Ere this, thy betrayer a treacherous lover.

AMBROSIOUS.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 7, 1789.

SONNET.

BY

Mr. RANNIE.

YE hoary cliffs and precipices dire,
Against whose base is dash'd destructive waves—
In whose dread vaults the echo'd sounds expire,
Of all the pain-fraught sighs my bosom heaves.

Dark witnesses of grief! to this sad heart,
Behold, once more, your pointed horrors prest!
Which courts your solitude, to shun the dart
Of Malice, issu'd from the ranc'rous breast.

Majestic rocks! as down each fractur'd side
Your rugged ruins tumble to the plain,
To sullen fancy, ye appear like pride
Exonerating insolent disdain :

Pleas'd that your pride is lessen'd as they fall,
She views th'insulted earth, like patience, bear them
all.

INSCRIPTION
ON THE
MONUMENT
OF

SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, YORK CATHEDRAL.

To the Memory of Sir GEORGE SAVILLE, Bart.
Who in five successive Parliaments
Represented the County of York,
The public love and esteem of his fellow-citizens
Have decreed this Monument.

In private life he was benevolent and sincere :
His charities were extensive and secret ;
His whole heart was formed on principles
Of generosity, mildness, justice, and universal candour.

In public, the patron of every national improvement ;
In the Senate, incorrupt ;
In his commerce with the world, disinterested.
By genius enlightened, in the means of doing good,
He was unwearied in doing it.

His Life was an ornament and blessing to the age
In which he lived ; and, after death, his memory

132 INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT, &c.

Will continue to be beneficial to mankind,
By holding forth an example of pure and unaffected
virtue,

Most worthy of imitation to the latest posterity!

He departed this life, January 9, 1784,

In the 58th year of his age,

Beloved and lamented.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 11, 1789.

SIMKIN IN LONDON,
TO HIS
BROTHER SIMON in WALES.

YOU remember, *Dear SIMON*, my formerly stating,
That BURKE was displeas'd with my style of narra-
ting.

Alas! now I find, I'm forever rejected,
As a new Poet Laureat is lately elected:
This intelligence cruel, I draw from a hint,
Convey'd thro' a *late publish'd, ludicrous* Print.
But lest this should be thought not explicit enough,
I must tell you, the *Party* that wears *Blue* and *Buff*,
Have *subscrib'd* for an *Artist*, a *liberal Fee*,
(Tho' they never once thought of *subscribing for me*)
Who, with great Ingenuity, Labour, and Pain,
Has pourtray'd the design of some Partizan's Brain;
'Tis inscrib'd, by consent, to a * *DUCHESS DIVINE*,
The *Pride*, and the *Hope*, of the CAVENDISH line.

* If Simkin is in error—the Artist, Mr. POLLARD, must be responsible.—The words are “TO HER GRACE the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE, *this Print* of INDIA VINDICATED, is, by HER PERMISSION, most HUMBLY DEDICATED.”

First, LIBERTY'S GODDESS, assuming the *Face*,
The *Person*, the *Air*, and the *Shape* of HER GRACE,
Holds out her *Fore-finger*, intending to show
Her Apostles—BURKE, FOX, PHILIP, FRANCIS,
and JOE.

With her *Cap* and her *Staff*, she seems ready to *bolloa*,
Lo! these are the lads, which the DUCHESSES *follow*.
BURKE, dress'd like the great *Roman Orator* GRAC-
CHUS,

Wants only a mob at command, to attack us ;
And the visage of CHARLES, full of spirit and fire,
Seems as if he would lay *Ten* to *One* on HIGH-FLYER ;
And the *modern dress'd* JOSEPH, with Rouge in his
face,

Looks as if he could *collar* a *Justice of Peace* ;
Whilst these heads all seem in an attitude speaking,
PHILIP, drawn at *full length*, appears creeping and
sneaking.

Mean time see the GODDESS her left hand direct
To a beautiful figure—RECORDER ELECT !
Whose likeness expressive, decidedly shews
Her Sister renown'd, is "*th' Historical Muse*."

The Lady, I've heard, is preparing a Work,
The ACTS of the PATRIOTS—FOX, JOSEPH, and
BURKE.

As

As a proof of her skill, an enclosure I send,
 'Tis a Copy I luckily got from a friend,
 Of a sweet pretty ODE, which her Ladyship penn'd.* }
 This model of eloquence, style, and expression,
 Was presented the Day of KING CHARLES's AC-
 CESSION;

I mean on that great ANNIVERSARY DAY,
 When the WESTMINSTER MOB, first acknowledg'd
 his fway;

And that this blessed day may be never forgot,
 'Twill hereafter be *kept* like the *Gun-Powder Plot*.
 Next year we expect all the Bells in the Steeple
 Will ring the whole day, for this *Man of the People*;
 And if I were KING GEORGE, while the Hero is
 living,

I would make it an Annual Day of Thanksgiving.
 And the *Almanack Makers*, in future, 'tis said,
 Will distinguish the *Tenth* of *October* with red.

Should JOSEPH, *Dear Brother*, his promise fulfil,
 (Tho' on *casting* the *Odds*, I much doubt if he will)
 I'll give you the *cream*, when he lets me peruse
 The *Acts* of the *Patriots*, by Liberty's Muse.

* The Anniversary Ode which follows this Letter.

To return to the Print—where the *Goddeſs of Freedom*

Deals Her Oracles out, to ſuch people as need 'em,
 'Tis delightful to ſee this DIVINITY *trample*
 On *chains*, ſetting ſubjects an uſeful example ;
 And ſhe who has *forc'd* ſuch a number to *wear 'em*,
 With eaſe can inſtruct her own *Captives* to *tear 'em*.
 Her *Vot'ries*, however, would gladly pull down
 The *Enſigns of Government, Sceptre, and Crown*.
 At the *Foot of the Column*, black people are kneeling,
 To raiſe in the *Patriots, compaſſionate feeling* ;
 Or to gratefully thank them, for having procur'd
Relief from Diſtreſſes they never endur'd ;
 For perſuading the *Commons*, that man to condemn,
 Who *preſerv'd* to the *Crown* its moſt *brilliant Gem* ;
 Or, perhaps, for preventing all farther abuſe,
 By turning THEIR WEALTH to the NATIONAL USE.
 MUNNY BEGUM, whoſe *Fame BURKE* ſo *wickedly*
 painted,
 Is drawn like the *LADY*, who formerly fainte'd
 At a Tale of Diſtreſs,* with which you are ac-
 quainted.

*This BEGUM, BURKE ſaid, was a Proſtitute common,
 A diſgrace to her Sex, a vile profligate Woman ;*

* The Story of DEBY SING.

And

And though from the dregs of the people she sprung,
Made a BEGUM, *because she enchantingly sung* ;
But, in justice to BURKE, I must own *he recanted*,
When his Evidence *fail'd*, and the BEGUM's was
wanted ;
Then her Credit remain'd *unimpeach'd* and *unshaken*,
And a hearsay from *her* was a proof to be taken.

But 'tis surely affronting CECILIA, to place her
In a station like this—nay, it needs must disgrace her ;
And, indeed, at *first sight*, I suspected a plot,
That the ARTIST was *brib'd*, and *corrupted* by SCOTT,
To exhibit this BEGUM, *whom EDMUND accus'd*
Of crimes, as an *Angel*, by HASTINGS *abus'd*—
To shew *Inconsistency* and *variation*,
Thus fixing discredit on EDMUND's Narration ;
But the MAJOR, if wise, of his cash might be sparing,
For the Charges of BURKE are sufficiently glaring.
But since Inconsistency is not alarming,
On the contrary, I think variety charming ;
And now I am reading a book of that name,
Whose *pleasantries varied*, demonstrate the *same*.

The Artist display'd some satirical fun,
By putting forth GREY and ANSTRUTHER for one.
Where-

Wherein, I presumē, he adopted the plan,
Of their putting *nine Taylors* to make up a *Man*;
And concluded that RAJAH CHEYT SING to pour-
tray,

Would take two such men as ANSTRUTHER and
GREY.

But perhaps into error the Artist was led,
By reading what ANSTRUTHER *formerly said*;
For who would conceive that CHEYT SING *was the*
same,

The *identical Person*, as well as *the Name*,
Whom ANSTRUTHER said, *in his conscience he held*
To be *legally fin'd*, and *with justice expell'd*.
But now, as this *versatile Hero contends*,
Was punish'd unjustly, *for villainous ends*.

Farewell, I shall write you again when I glean
The ACTS of the APOSTLES—(the PATRIOTS I
mean.)

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY ODE,

BY THE

HISTORIC MUSE.

GENTLE BUTCHERS! ring your cleavers—
ROYAL COBLERS! Barbers! Weavers!
CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS! and COAL-HEAVERS!

Leave your work, and come away!
COOPERS, down with adze and wimble!
TAYLORS, drop the yard and thimble!
LINK-BOYS and LAMP-LIGHTERS nimble,
Come and keep this HOLIDAY!

Drink and drive away the vapours—
When the night comes, light your tapers;
Dance and sing, and cut high capers,

Dedicate this day to mirth.
Let this day be ne'er neglected!
But, like CHRISTMAS, be respected—
FOX this day was first elected—

FOX the greatest man on Earth!

Not

Not the glorious REVOLUTION,

Checking lawless persecution.

Which secur'd our CONSTITUTION

Free, for overturning shocks—

Not the BRUNSWICK *Coronation*,

Chasing POP'RY from the nation.

E'er deserv'd commemoration,

Like th' ELECTION of CHARLES FOX!

When the HERO tells his story,

Acts of splendor, deeds of glory,

Will diffuse their light before ye—

Then bestow your loud applause!

WALTER TYLER, clad in armour!

MASTER CADE, the great Reformer!

CROMWELL's *self* was never warmer,

Than CHARLES FOX in Virtue's cause!

C***** and B****, by joint endeavour,

Thirteen Provinces did sever

From the BRITISH CROWN for ever!

Noble CHARLES, and loyal BURKE!

Irisb Independance rearing,

Kingdoms two asunder tearing,

Make the CROWN not worth the wearing—

This, indeed, is glorious work!

Gallant CHARLES, the Nation's blessing,
Eas'd your SHOPS of tax distressing,
Laid thereon by PITT, oppressing—
Hail, for ever, BLUE and BUFF!
Still there's something more provoking,
PITT has laid a tax on *smoking*,
Whilst your wives and mothers, croaking—
Dread another tax on *Snuff*.

TOAST the PRINCE and ROYAL BROTHER,
Whilst some folk, in places other
Toast his FATHER and his MOTHER—
Drink the PEOPLE'S MAJESTY!
Drink about, ye *thirsty fishes*!
Toasting with sincerest wishes,
RUSSELS, BENTINCKS, CAVENDISHES,
With FITZWILLIAM, ever free!

Godlike CHARLES, the World's *Eighth Wonder*!
In St. STEPHEN's squeaking thunder,
Keeps the frightened Members under :
Oh! let FOX be ne'er cast out!
Rise; ye gallant sons of freedom!
Damn the laws, and never heed 'em!
Wealthy villains only need 'em—
Honest poor can live without.

See the SIRE, by SON forsaken—

F— persuades the *Heir mistaken*,

The Prerogative to weaken—

Thanks to CHARLES's soothing tongue.

When he speaks—Huzza!—encore him!

Tumble down, and kneel before him!

Kiss his *shoe-string*, and adore him—

CHARLES from *Freedom's Goddess* sprung!

At next WESTMINSTER ELECTION,

Guard with care against defection ;

Give delinquents just correction—

Bring a *Hundred Thousand Votes*.

Collar MAGISTRATES and fright 'em—

Meet your foes, and boldly fight 'em—

SAMSON like, with jaw-bone smite 'em,

Make clean work, and cut their throats.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 19, 1789.

INSCRIPTION ON A STONE

IN A

GARDEN *near* PLYMOUTH.

Hic Jacet

Parvula,

Heu quam fidelis, amabilis, jucunda, fajax!

Olim Vicinis nota,

Puellis, Puerisque chara,

Dominis semper charissima;

Quam diu deflenda!

Hospes, Comesque, blandula, vagula:

Quæ vixit annos undecim,

Et disruptâ venâ,

Vitam innocuam, nunquam redituram,

Sine gemitu

Protinus amisit.

Anno M.DCC.LXXIX.

Vale igitur Catella,

Et in Memoria Vive.

IN MORTEM HONORATISSIMI
Domini ROBERTI MANNERS.

TE, decus Angliaci nantæ, pulcherima proles
 Heroum, lauro cum gemituq; sequor:
 Nam patriæ studio delectos inter opimos
 Insignem, virtus te tua multa premit.
 Ne pigeat cecidisse, immistaq; fata trophæis
 Æternum *Mores* promeruere diem.

ON THE DEATH OF
 Lord ROBERT MANNERS.

DEAR son of GRANBY, glory of the fleet!
 O'er whom our tears and exultation meet!
 To naval war, by patriot genius led,
 You, valour's victim, crown'd with trophies bled.
 We may lament, but your distinguish'd name—
Manners, and merit, win eternal fame.

LINES

TO

V E N U S.

QUEEN of the RAPT'ROUS HOUR!
 O, CYPRIAN VENUS, hear!
 I court thy gentle pow'r!
 I love to be thy slave!
 Enchanting daughter of th'inconstant wave,
 My heart is all thy own!
 I worship thee alone!
 For sure thy smile is wond'rous dear—
 The LANGUOR OF THY STEDFAST EYE—
 And dear thy cheeks fresh glow,
 Thy wavy locks, and breast of snow,
 And, dearer still, Thy YIELDING SIGH.

To thee, an altar will I raise,
 And bind it round with many a rose—
 With myrtle and sweet jeffamine,
 The pale pink and the GADDING WOODBINE,
 And ev'ry flow'r that blows.
 And there, the wistful maid shall gaze—

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And

And there, the RING-DOVE's note
Shall swell his am'rous throat—
And there, the frisking kid shall play,
The MILK-WHITE LAMB shall fondly stray,
And, mounting high, on dappled wing,
The hov'ring LARK shall gayly sing;
But ev'ry bird of boding cry
The blissful scene shall fly—
And ev'ry noxious reptile leave the grove,
Sacred to PEACE, to INNOCENCE and LOVE!

O, may'st thou, at thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Bring to my longing arms
The blooming Maid I most adore—
Sweet is her eye, her shape, her air,
Herself a WILDERNESS of CHARMS.
And may I then those beauties press!
And live amid the wild excess!—
Her zone unloos'd I'll bear to thee,
ETERNAL QUEEN of ECSTASY:
My gratitude can do no more!

O, come, my FAIR ONE, come away,
And view the rising STAR of DAY!
How proud he pours the mighty beam,
That seems to fire yon chrystal stream?

While

While on the early breeze is borne
 The distant music of the HORN,
 That mingles with the hunter's cry,
 To hail the welcome Deity!
 SPORTIVE PLEASURE, deck'd in green,
 Roves the TUSCAN hills between,
 And with heads amid the skies,
 Th' empurpl'd APPENINES arise!—
 Where winter fullenly retires
 From FLAUNTING SUMMER'S SCORCHING FIRES.
 Love has made the scene so gay,
 Brightens e'en the morning ray—
 Nature wears a drefs divine,
 While your arm is lock'd in mine!
 Love alike subdues the pow'r
 Of the Dog-star's sultry hour,
 And scatters odours thro' the glade,
 As fond I view the blushing maid,
 When SILENCE reigns—save where the bee
 Labours on with busy glee,
 Humming deep his drowfy song,
 While the riv'let glides along!
 Or the sturdy woodman's stroke,
 Humbles some gigantic oak!
 Or, perchance, is heard from far,
 The murmur of the rattling car!

Soon as EV'NING, mild and grey,
Steals upon the parting day,
And the bat pursues his flight,
Rising on the feeble light ;
While the ATTIC BIRD of WOE
Pours her plaintive notes, and flow—
PAN (so pleasing Fancy says)
Takes his rustic pipe and plays,
While the SATYRS trooping round,
With ears erect, devour the sound !
And the wanton Fauns are seen
Dancing o'er the level green.

Let us, now, from yonder height,
View the silver horn of night
That the MOON appears to bear,
Like a huntress, through the air—
This is, sure, the hour of Love !
Each tumultuous care at rest !
Thrilling hopes can only move,
Thrilling transports fire the breast !

O, VENUS, hail ! all hail, immortal Queen !
Thou reign'st, unbounded, o'er the human scene !
Where the bright THAMES shines forth in azure
pride,
To where the GANGES rolls a foamy tide—

Where

Where the redundant NILE expands his course,
Or NIAGARA throws her headlong force—
Still, from the East to West, from Pole to Pole,
THOU E'ER SHALT RULE, GREAT SOV'REIGN OF
THE WHOLE!

THE WORLD,
Nov. 28, 1789.

ARCHERY.

GAY PHOEBUS, the Patron of Poets below,
 O, aid me of ARCHERS to sing—
 For thou art accounted the God of the Bow,
 As well as the God of the STRING,
 My OLD BUCK!

The fashion of SHOOTING, 'twas YOU that BEGAN!
 When you shot forth your beams from the skies—
 For CUPID was first in pursuing your plan,
 And the GODDESSES shot with their EYES,
 The BRIGHT GIRLS!

DIANA, who slaughter'd the brutes with her darts,
 Ne'er hit but one lover, or so;
 For VENUS was better in aiming at hearts,
 And had always more *Strings* to her *Bow*,
 The SLY JADE!

On beautiful IRIS, APOLLO *bestow'd*
 A *Bow* of unparallel'd hue—
 It soon grew her hobby-horse, and, as she rode,
 Like an *Arrow* shot from it, she flew,
 GAUDY DAME!
 To

To EARTH came the ART of the ARCHERS, at last,
 And was follow'd with eager pursuit !
 But the SONS of APOLLO all others surpass'd,
 With such very LONG Bows did they shoot,
 LYING DOGS !

ULYSSES, the hero, was known long ago,
 In wisdom and Strength to excel ;
 So he left in his house an *inflexible Bow*,
 And a still more INFLEXIBLE BELLE,
 LUCKY DOG !

The PARTHIANS were BOWMEN of old, and *their*
 pride
 Lay in FIGHTING and *scamp'ring* too—
 But the BRITONS thought better the sport to divide,
 So THEY *shot*—and *their Enemies* FLEW—
 The BRAVE BOYS !

Be a HEALTH to the BRAVE BRITISH BOWMEN, our
 song,
 They can almost take aim in the dark—
 Their Bows are so STAUNCH, and their STRINGS
 are so STRONG,
 And their ARROWS fly strait to the MARK,
 BRITISH BOYS !

TO

DIANA.

HAIL, DIANA, Goddess fair!
 Jocund Huntress, ever hail!—
 Haste, and bind thy flowing hair,
 Let us seek the distant vale—
 EXERCISE shall there be near:
 Cheerful SPORT shall shake his spear,
 And raise his merry voice—
 REJOICE, REJOICE, REJOICE!
 And search the grounds around, around!

ECHO, in her silent cell,
 Where she list'ning loves to dwell,
 Bids her mimic accents rise,
 Responsive to the sound:
 Around, around, around! she cries.

WINE is only rage and noise:
 Love, alas! is serious folly—
 Then adieu, ye transient joys,
 Sighs, and saddest melancholy:

Yes,

Yes, adieu! adieu for ever,
All the madness that ye bring;
From your pangs myself I sever,
Now the Morning's on the wing.

COME, O CRESCENT BEARING MAID!
Lead me to the sportive shade;
O'er the mountain,
Thro' the grove,
By the lake, or silver fountain;
Wherefoe'er thy footsteps rove—
I'll pursue,
Still in view.

See, from yonder frowning wood,
Bursts in rage the BRISTLED BOAR:
Many an arrow drinks his blood—
Proud he hears the wild uproar,
And eyes askaunt, with fierce disdain,
The bleeding dogs, that yell in vain.

Now he seeks the foaming tide,
Plunges in, himself to hide;
But, alas! th' unerring dart
Deeply rankles in his heart—
Reeling forth, he shuts his eyes,
Groans in agony, and dies!

Now

Now we seem to ride the wind,
While the CHACE, of every kind,
Urges on our wand'ring glee—
O the rapt'rous energy!

HEALTH, with rosy cheek, is there—
THOUGHTLESS EASE, unknown to care:
PEACE, that waves, in wanton fold,
Her curls of burnish'd gold;
 And LAUGHTER, too,
Is ever nigh,
With dimpling cheek, and half shut eye,
 And face of crimson hue!
And (more the soul to bless)
With animating look, and warm caress,
 With careless step, and free,
QUEEN of HERSELF, and fond of change,
From place to place is seen to range,
 ECSTATIC LIBERTY!

And mark! how o'er the World's domain
Extends, O DIAN fair! thy boundless reign:
E'en MIGHTY MONARCHS leave their Court,
And to the breathing plains resort;
Where, with the sprightly horn and hound,
RELIEF FROM REGAL WOES IS FOUND!

And

And oft on AFRIC's fultry shore,
The savage youth thy joys adore;
And oft, where rigid seasons roll,
In ling'ring sadness, near the POLE,
Amid the realms of endless snow,
THOU giv'st the ONLY BLISS the Natives know!

Now the pleasing toil is done,
And twilight veils the setting Sun,
All beneath yon spreading tree
I'll recline, and THINK OF THEE—
Of thee, and all thy beauteous train,
AND FEEL A LOVE WITHOUT A PAIN:
Such THY CHASTE—thy DEAR DELIGHT—
WELCOME SLEEP and WELCOME NIGHT.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 12, 1789.

INSCRIPTION
ON THE
URN
OF
VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTONE.

HERE shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found,
This is her SHRINE, and CONSECRATES the Ground!
Here living sweets around her Altars rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.

Here too, the THOUGHTLESS and the YOUNG
may tread—
Who shun the drearier Mansions of the dead,
May here be taught what worth the World has
known ;
Her Wit, her Sense, her Virtues, were her own!
To her peculiar!—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore, lov'd her most.

O! if PROMPT PITY swells o'er Virtue's eye,
Check not the Tear, nor stop the useful Sigh!
From soft Humanity's ingenuous flame
A wish may rise to emulate her fame,

And

And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those who now lament her, are no more.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 15, 1789.

INSCRIPTIONS

AT

LORD HARCOURT'S ELEGANT VILLA,

AT

NEWNHAM.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

SAY, is thy honest heart to VIRTUE warm!
Can GENIUS animate thy feeling breast!
Approach—behold this venerable form!
'Tis ROUSSEAU—Let thy bosom speak the rest!

BROOKE BOOTHBY.

CATO.

A ce nom Saint, & Auguste, tout ami de la vertu
Doit mettre le front dans la Poussiere, et Honorer
En silence la Memoire du plus Grand des Hommes.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

Who made the whole INTERNAL WORLD his own,
And shew'd confess'd to reasons purged eye,
That NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT was LIBERTY!

FAUNUS.

FAUNUS would oft, as HORACE sings,
Delighted with his rural seats,
Forfake Arcadia's groves and springs,
For soft Lucreti-e's retreats—
'Twas BEAUTY CHARM'D! What wonder then?
Enamour'd of a fairer scene,
The changeful God should change again,
And here, for ever, fix his reign.

W. WHITEHEAD.

APOLLO.

LUCIDO DIO.
Par Cui L'April Fiorisce.

METASTASIO.
H E B E.

H E B E.

HEBE, from thy cup divine,
Shed, O shed! nectareous dew;
Here o'er NATURE'S LIVING SHRINE,
Th' immortal drops diffuse!
Here, while every bloom's display'd,
Shining fair in vernal pride,
Catch the colours ere they fade,
And check the green blood's ebbing tide:
Till YOUTH ETERNAL, like thine own prevail,
Safe from the NIGHT'S DAMP WING, or DAY'S IN-
SIDIOUS GALE.

V E N U S.

Thee, GODDESS! thee, the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear;
For thee, the Land in fragrant flowers is dress'd!

THE
RURAL BARD.

AMORETTS.

WHEN first, O ZELINDA! I saw those fair eyes,
I thought some kind GODDESS had dropp'd from the
skies,

Some favourite of mortals to bless:
I thought, but alas! 'twas a joy too divine,
I thought this most fortunate lot might be mine—
But mine was a lot of distress.

I reason'd from scenes FATE has seldom controll'd—
I felt my past moments were moments of gold,

And vainly defy'd a reverse:
I knew not that Fate, in its intricate round,
But smil'd to deceive, and but promis'd to wound;
More keenly thus pointing its curse.

YE POW'RS! who holy vigils keep,
While NATURE sinks to rest,
And pour the gentle balm of sleep
Thro' many a weary breast—

If to a wretch, whom fate has cross'd
In LOVE's perplexing snares;
Lost to himself, to Nature lost,
Extend your guardian cares!

O sleep these lids in poppy'd dew,
And bid ZELINDA rise!
That fancy may, at last, renew
What envious Fate denies.

SAPPHIC.

BLEST were the moments, when, in youth's gay season,

Sportive I roam'd, to rural joys no stranger:
Untouch'd by passion, uncontroul'd by reason,
Fearless of danger.

Light

Light as the breezy *Jessamin* of morning
 Plays o'er the greenward, thick with dew be-
 spangled;
 So beat my bosom, ev'ry sorrow scorning,
 Light and untangled.

Ah! Days of RAPTURE! tho' with hand unweeting,
 Heedless I then cropt ev'ry Mountain Treasure;
 Now, now I prize you—now, with many a greeting,
 View each past pleasure.

Now, while fierce phrenzies all my veins inherit;
 Craz'd by Despair, enslav'd by Love's seduction—
 GODS! Give me HOPE, or hurl this haggard spirit
 Back to Destruction!

O, gentle HOPE! whose lovely form,
 The plunging SEA-BOY midst the storm,
 Sees beck'ning from the Strand:
 If yet thy smiles can chase the sighs,
 From love and adverse fate which rise,
 O view this lifted hand!

Through dire Despair's tremendous shade,
Supported by thy secret aid,

The heedless spirit flies:

Thy light sustains her drooping pow'rs,

Thy finger points to brighter hours,

And clears the distant skies.

Then haste thee, HOPE; and o'er my head,

While yet imperious tempests spread,

Obtrude thy magic form.

O! give me, ere gay youth decline,

To view the proud ZELINDA mine,

And I'll despise the storm.

SOFT as the breath of ZEPHYR flows,

When first he woos the *Virgin Rose*,

So soft ZELINDA's lips assail,

When Love inspires the tender tale.

But when, in hour of keenest bliss,

She deigns th' *elysium of a kiss*—

Ah! how shall mortal language tell,

In that kind kiss, what raptures dwell.

Boast,

Boast, boast no more the *boney'd cane*—
Ye gods, your nectar'd cup restrain!
Nor EARTH, nor HEAVEN, can give to sip
The sweetness of ZELINDA's lip.

CHORUS.

Now, while *gentle* SPRING returning,
Melts to balm the boist'rous year:
Young NATURE, ev'ry bondage spurning,
As the rosy hours draw near:

Now, ZELINDA, from thy breast,
Chase, O chase each cold disdain!
Now be LOVE's *soft pillow* prest;
Now, e'en now, let rapture reign.

HARK! thro' all the wild creation,
Vocal joys responsive bound—
Ah! feels thy soul no new vibration,
As it roams the landscape round.

Now then, from thy yielding breast,
Chafe, O chafe each cold disdain!
Now be Love's soft pillow prest;
Now, e'en now, let rapture reign.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 22, 1789.

PROLOGUE

TO

KING JOHN.

Spoken by Mr. BOURKE.

HAVE you ne'er seen, (a quaint device 'tis reckon'd)
 In DODSLEY's *Poems*, Vol. I. and page the Second,
 A troop of BOYS, in sportive guise, who bear
 The arms of MARS, and attributes of War,
 Assay the sword to draw, the spear to wield,
 And raise, with force combin'd, the massive shield;
 Whilst one o'erwhelm'd, yet dreadful to the rest,
 Nods the dire plumes that threaten o'er the crest;
 Not quite so young, yet, as we hope, more fit,
 Lo! we attempt, before this crowded pit,
 In feudal arms, and royal robes, to stalk,
 With tragic dignity of mien and walk;
 And deck'd with terrors, from THEATRIC SHELVES,
 Start at the PHANTOMS we have RAIS'D OURSELVES,
 Yet, let not harsh severity deride
 These early efforts of ingenuous pride;
 Think, but how oft, with more inglorious art,
 Men *mimick* us, and ACT a BOYISH PART;

M 4

Who-

Whoe'er in *trifles*, or in *trash* delights—
In *Truant* sport consumes his days and nights—
Is STILL A BOY, however he may brag,
And well deserves to ride on BUSBY'S NAG.
Heavens, how they MULTIPLY by this NEW RULE!
ENGLAND, itself, is one great PUBLIC SCHOOL!
With MANY WICKED BOYS—O, dire disaster!—
Spite of the GOOD EXAMPLE OF ITS MASTER!—
Pardon our flippant Wit—the Scene, the Stage
Inspire, perhaps, this pert satyric rage—
We lash not you, whom rather we must court,
To stoop your manly judgements to our sport:
Nor wish you punishment, as things now stand,
Except a little CLAPPING on the Hand.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 24, 1789.

PROLOGUE
TO
HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Spoken by Mr. BUNBURY.

WHEN first these Scenes our Author's pen design'd,
The FORCE of TON was partial and confin'd;
Yet, even then, while Fashion yet was young,
Her rage was catching, and her influence strong—
Swift from the travell'd Beau and titled Dame,
Lacquies and Abigails confests'd the flame.
The vast ambition fires the menial Band,
And RETAIL FOLLIES bloom at SECOND-HAND.
Does LOVELACE drink or game? The FOP bestows
His CAST-OFF VICES with his CAST-OFF CLOATHS.
Does he redeem his losses at DUKE'S PLACE?
And raise supplies from ISRAEL's flinty race?
His Gentleman pursues the same career—
And, "Damme—is distress'd like any Peer;"
Follows thro' Dissipation's various Stages,
Takes Money on *Reversionary* WAGES:
Like LOVELACE self, his wasting Purse recruits,
And grants POST-OBITS upon BIRTH-DAY SUITS.

"High

"High Life's the word!" The rage of Imitation
 Burns high in every breast throughout the Nation;
 The phrenzy rages wide—each passing hour
 Exhibits growing TON's increasing pow'r:
 On ev'ry brain the changeful Dæmon flies,
 Now bids TOUPEES to *fall*—now CAPES to RISE.
 Now at his word, the obedient Muffin swells,
 And BEAUX, with "Monstrous Craws,"—peep out
 at POUTING BELLES.
 No longer now confin'd to courtly air,
 TASTE sweeps resistless on thro' TEMPLE BAR.
 Above, below, the wild contagion spreads,
 And dreams of Fashion float round City Heads.

Sir BALAAM's toils have realiz'd a Plum!
 My Lady's spirit kindles at the sum.
 "Lard, LOVEY, who can live in LOMBARD-STREET?
 "Haste, let us quit the Mercantile retreat.
 "Here we grub on—while wealth no fame bestows—
 "We're *nobody* that *any-body* knows.
 "How vain the cumb'rous pride of opulence;
 "Let Fashions rule, and Taste direct expence.
 "Thus speaks the glory of my LORD MAYOR's
 "Ball,
 "The pond'rous HILLISBERGH of GROCER's
 "HALL."

Thus

Thus speaks the Fair, and gives her wishes vent,
The passive Husband nods a gruff assent.
Now civic joys, and LOMBARD-STREET farewell,
My Lady quits you all, for dear PALL-MALL.
By brilliant equipage and depth of play,
At length to *certain sets* she makes her way;
And gains the point her heart desir'd so long,
To flounce and flounder in excess of TON.

Yet some there are, and those high life can boast,
With nobler claims than those of wit or toast:
Whose Rank and Fashion are their Virtue's foils—

[*Bowing to the Audience.*]

Their approbation may o'er-pay our toils.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 24, 1789.

EPISTOLARY

ODE.

AH! why, amidst this LIFE of WOE,
Does active FANCY love to GLOW?

With shadowy prospects hourly cheat—
Why point to JOY's ecstatic bow'rs,
To wanting scenes and laughing hours,
Ah! why renew the KNOWN DÉCEIT?

ILLUSION all—for round this globe
Is wrapt AFFLICTION's varied robe—
And ruthless DEATH! with savage leer,
Scowls on the LEARN'D, the GAY, the GREAT,
The VIRGIN's blush, the MONARCH's state,
And couches fierce his iron spear!

And soon, alas! this BEING ends,
But whence it came or whither tends,
O!—Enlighten'd, who shall say?
We ISSUE from the REALMS of NIGHT—
EXISTENCE shews a fearful light—
We gaze, and WONDER at the DAY!

But

But ere our eyes can clearly see,
Ere we are well convinc'd TO BE,
The transient *vital gleam* is o'er!
Sudden we vanish, as we came!
Extinguish'd is the mortal flame—
We BREATHE, we FEEL, we THINK no more.

Nor only is our LIFE confin'd,
But human KNOWLEDGE, short and blind,
And all that ART, that SCIENCE gave!
Like the sad race of helpless man,
Must end, as sure as it began!
For TIME's an UNIVERSAL GRAVE.

NOR deem, that we can ought discern
That's NEW! Events succeed in turn—
Whate'er IS NOW, has BEEN before,
The SELF-SAME CIRCLE has been run!
As certain as that yonder SUN
Has set and risen o'er and o'er.

Yet weak TRADITION fades away!
And HIST'RY treats but of a day!

The CAUSES lost, EFFECTS REMAIN—
Soon the EFFECTS ALIKE SUBSIDE,
And IGNORANCE, with barb'rous pride,
Again resumes HER DARKEN'D REIGN!

EXULTATION:

A

PASTORAL.

TRANSLATED from the ORIGINAL BABELONIAN.

BENEATH the texture of a *pensive* OAK,
Where *conscious* MEADS in soft effusion broke;
And *careless* murmurs *feelingly* awake,
Recall the sylvan coolness of the brake—
Two SWAINS reclining, sooth'd the enamour'd
tongue,
And thus with *fragrant* vows, their oaten Reeds
they strung.

STREPHON.

In ev'ry grove, the various floods combine,
A thousand beauties *bask* upon the line;
The *vocal* breezes emulate the day,
But CHLOE is the subject of my lay!

CORYDON.

Let LIGHTNING DANCE its everlasting round,
While mazy beams reflect a *dawning* sound;

Let

Let ECHO in *Meanders* glide along,
But PHYLLIS is the burthen of my song.

STREPHON.

CHLOE's to me, more fair than *azure* light,
More soft than ZEPHYRS *melting* into light;
O! come ye Swains, and leave the *enamel'd* morn,
Tho' sportive Garlands *rival* your return.

CORYDON.

My PHILLIS, wond'ring, strives the *heat* to pierce,
And smiles precarious thro' the *gay reverse*:
Ye Hills and Dales that cheer the limpid sand,
Bear me where *Ages* flow at her command.

STREPHON.

My LOVE, regardless of the vernal *Main*,
Like HONEY *blushing*, variegates my pain;—
And like the Bee, she smooths the mantled green,
Soft as the STARS, and as the HILLS *serene*!

CORYDON.

My LOVE is like the rural seats above!
The *canopy* of FATE is like my Love!
My LOVE is like the *deep* in *purple dress*!
And all AMBROSIA *warbles* in her breast!

STRE-

STREPHON.

Now, tell me, CORYDON, and CHLOE take—
 What thing is that by KINGS expell'd the lake?
 Whose airy footsteps faded as they grew,
 Produc'd in silence, yet alive in Blue?

CORYDON.

First tell me, STREPHON, and be PHILLIS thine;
 What thing is that so daringly Divine?
 By reason feather'd, and by nature prest,
 Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unblest?

MENALCAS.

Enough! enough! O Shepherds, your delay
 Retards the FLEECY PARTNERS of the Spray;
 See how, in *clouds* the fertile STREAMS arise,
 See how *profusion* wantons in the SKIES—
 From wave to wave, contending shades appear,
 Returning Swans proclaim the welkin near,
 And aid, with sweets profound, the *surface* of the
 YEAR.

THE WORLD,
 Jan. 1, 1790.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

Book II. Ode XVI.

BY

MR. HASTINGS,

On his Passage from BENGAL to ENGLAND.

For ease the harrafs'd seaman prays,
When Equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast, and sees or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease, the slow *Maratta* spoils,
And hardier *Sic* erratic toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie,
The cover'd heart, bestow;

For neither wealth, nor titles join'd,
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind—
Lo; where their owner lies;

Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
And Care, like smoke, in turbid wreathes,
Round the gay cieling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,*
Is of true bliss possess'd:
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise, as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Left printed lies his fame destroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor *pack'd Committees* break his rest,
Nor avarice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span, then why engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate design'd;
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand,
What wanderer from his native land,
E'er left himself behind?

* Since this Poem was written, Mr. HASTINGS has purchased his family estate of Daclesford, in Warwickshire.

The restless thought, and wayward will,
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives ;
At sea, care follows in the wind,
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come ;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age CLIVE liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed ;
Too long, alas ! he liv'd to hate
His envy'd lot, and died, too late
From life's oppression freed.

An early death, was ELLIOT's doom,
I saw his op'ning virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold ;
Too soon to fade ! I bade the stone,
Record his name 'midst Hordes unknown,
Unknowing what is told.

To thee, perhaps, the Fates may give,
I wish they may, in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,
With these the Muse already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim,
To merit, not to seek for fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

THE WORLD,
August 28, 1790.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED

TO A

ROSE.

SWEET ROSE, now blooming on thy native thorn,
Ah! let me guard the beauties you display;
To see them flourish thro' another morn,
And live the triumph of another day.

May the rude SPOILER, who with fearless hand
To rob thy sweetness would too rashly dare,
Give that kind aid, thy tender charms demand,
Nor spoil those sweets his pity ought to spare.

Some NYMPH, perhaps, unfeeling would presume,
Impell'd by thoughtless vanity alone,
To urge the period of thy transient bloom,
And snatch thy beauties to adorn her own:
Too soon will she her boasted charms resign,
O may she dread their hapless fate in thine!

JUNIA.

THE WORLD,
July 5, 1790.

MR. SHERIDAN *meeting* **MISS LINLEY**, now **MRS.**

SHERIDAN, at the entrance of a Grotto in the Vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice—with which, apprehending that she was displeased, he left the following Lines in the Grotto the next day.

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd **GROTTO** of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree,
Yet I this *rude* **GROTTO** with rapture will own,
And **WILLOW**—thy damps are refreshing to me!

For this is the Grotto where **DELIA** reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the Tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught!

Then tell me, thou **GROTTO** of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou **WILLOW**, with leaves dropping dew,
Did **DELIA** seem vext when **HORATIO** was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Me

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frown'd, when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd, when she saw that I did it with ZEAL!

True, true, silly leaves, so she did I allow—
She frown'd—but no rage in her looks cou'd I see,
She frown'd—but REFLECTION had clouded her
brow,
She sigh'd—but perhaps, 'twas in pity to me!

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou *willow of wee*,
I tell thee, no rage in her looks cou'd I see,
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so—
She was not, she could not, be angry with me!

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a fault'ring tongue—
Which err'd from the feelings, it could not explain!

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If DELIA, my humble 'monition refuse;
Sweet WILLOW, the next time she visits your shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And

And thou, *Stony GROT*, in thy Arch may'st preserve,
Two ling'ring drops of the night-fallen dew—
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you!

Or lest they, unheeded, should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of *Snow*; and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine *Tear*.

So may'st thou, green *WILLOW*, for ages thus tofs
Thy branches so lank, o'er the slow-winding
stream!

And thou, stony *GROTTO*, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a *POET* to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my *DELIA* still give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'ning
long;

Then, *GROTTO*, be proud to support her white arms,
Then, *WILLOW*, wave all thy green tops to her
Song.

THE WORLD,
March 6, 1790.

III. 6. 9.